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Similarly, the pop movement in poetry is more than a reaction against a dead or dying formalism; it is also prompted by the new attitude towards language implicit in cinema and television. McLuhan calls cinema "a form of statement without language"; that is, words and arguments are merely one means amongst several of nudging the audience in a certain direction. The more literary a script, the less effective it is as cinema. Yet, at the same time, the cinema also communicates more widely and compulsively than any other art form. This spectacle of pop culture effortlessly usurping the

function of high culture is, I suspect, behind the fashion for the diluted near-verse designed for mass readings and poetry-and-jazz concerts. With few exceptions, the writing on these occasions is rudimentary. It may well not be rudimentary enough. The lesson to be learnt from film and T.V. is that language can function in a different way and with utterly different disciplines once it merges with other forms of communication. But the pop poets do nothing more radical than model their verse on the lyrics of pop songs. Which means that they remain tied to the logic of a traditional form at its weirdest. Their aim is not to innovate but to popularize, to seduce an audience which is interested in poetry simply as an assertion of Bohemian non-conformity. In its way, this is a largely political project: art is valuable simply as a means of rejecting the square world. So the poet resigns his responsibilities; he becomes less concerned to create a work than to create a public life; what he offers is not poetry but instant protest. Where the pop painter becomes an interior decorator, the pop poet becomes a kind of unacknowledged social worker.

"The trouble with modern theories of behaviourism", Hannah Arendt once wrote, "is not that they are wrong but that they could become true." This applies also to Marshall

McLuhan's theories of media. If he is right, then formal arts are no longer meaningful and the only imminent danger of being "electronic culture" is that it will shatter all the traditional forms which are worked so hard by the poet. Suddenly, author and subject on the front of their no longer seem much the same. It turns out, perhaps, to survive and communicate a little less than it promises. May have to abandon his claim to the first place more than half of his training, even his habits contents is taken up, in the Vic and start again from the bottom, with letters and some. Granted, this always happens early memoranda and the majority there is a fundamental of the letters are to Russell rather than in the arts; that is why him. Secondly, the 105 pages of genuinely new material proper prove to contain a good resisted. But this time a deal of material that has already been question is something unpublished in his *Portraits from Memory* and thorough-going theory: the admirable if rather stiff set of speaking or seeing; glimpses about his famous friends, styles of architecture, a Whitehead, Conrad, the Webbs and heart", seem newer, more so on.

And for all that, there is plenty of rich material here and it is all in Russell's familiar style. There are none of those ghostly traces of American syntax the prognosis of a nuclear war which students have claimed to detect in the relatively simple letters to the press that have standing of the fact that recently appeared over Russell's signature. His disconcertingly abrupt Given a situation so precariously about subjects it is usual to ternal confusion transmutated in a somewhat muffled way kinds of artistic order frequently in evidence. For example:

There was a daughter Helen, at Bryn Mawr, who had the misfortune to be deaf. She was gentle and kind, and had very lovely red hair. I was very fond of her for a number of years, until she died in 1900. Once or twice I asked her to kiss me, but she refused.

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Although one might have pre-empted American who lived in Boston, even still, no one offered much of the space given over the inhabitants seem much to letters to have been occupied with at compressing one and more of Russell's recollections, passionate pilgrim who especially twenty rather dull pages of "that I lived in Paris for communications from him to Lucy minded me of Kansas City, a girl who makes no unsnobish intellectual appearance in the narrative proper, sides the language of Corneille the letters have their points. Two Racine at its most lapidary: comments on the collapse of his barbaric French of kings a rage to Alys Pearsall Smith deserve vierges"; a swashbuckling mention. This from Russell's who can say of modern elder brother Frank, not exactly an

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For the Virgil Thomson who emerges from these lively elegant might otherwise have had a note of self-pity. For all his Francophile crusades and Middle West trenchancy, Mr. Thomson persuades the reader that his bark was probably worse than his bite.

This book will certainly be scrutinized by musically-minded readers who wish to discover how the influential critic of the *New York Herald Tribune* (for a fourteen-year stint) came to shape his views. It will provide a generous quarry for students in search of such varied thesis-fodder as the early developments of film music, the perils faced by those Americans who struck out, between the wars, against the tide set by Boston-based pundits, or the degree to which a "native son", pleasantly besotted by the wine of French culture at its most potent, can nevertheless cling so faithfully to a boyhood idiom that a Paris revival of Mr. Thomson's opera *Four Saints in Three Acts* could be described by its "most perspicacious" critic (Marcel Schneider) as a "Sunday school entertainment", or "camped-up Muss... no trace of implicity or sacrilege". But it would be a great pity if only musical specialists were to resort to Mr. Thomson's pages, for the most attractive quality of his book is its ability to convey the thoroughly independent responses of one stubbornly non-joining individualist to those delectable decades when a few Francophile Americans, and Ionized Frenchmen could merrily pretend that the rest of the world did not exist.

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AMERICAN MUSICIAN IN PARIS

VIRGIL THOMSON: *Virgil Thomson*.

448pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 3s.

The final reputation of Mr. Virgil Thomson must stand or falter, of course, on the score of his merits as a composer. The effect of his autobiography is to establish his right to be considered also as an unusually gifted writer. He tells us that he has "no gift for imaginative writing", that he cannot "assemble my pictures and my people into situations where they take on memorabilia, which is what story-tellers do". That this estimate is far too modest may be brusquely demonstrated by a couple of sentences such as these, introducing a chapter which not only faithfully describes but also embodies his infectious persuasive love of the flavour of France:

In all the showy living that went on throughout the twenties, the Americans, though not the biggest spenders (leave that to the Indian princes), were certainly in France the most numerous. Wherever there were Ritzes and races, champagne night clubs and gambling casinos, they made up the bulk of the trade, seasoned with a dollop of bejeweled Argentines, a few well-dressed and amorous Brazilians, some impressively casual English and Scots (terrifying gamblers these last), and two or three vastly visible maharajas.

If Mr. Thomson talks as vigorously as he writes, it is small wonder that Sir Thomas Beecham said of him: "Virgil is the only man in the world who can keep me up till four."

It is curious how a basic modesty of self-estimation seems to survive this lengthy recapitulation of a life which Mr. Thomson himself, in tune with all his professional enemies and most of his personal friends, insists repeatedly on describing as impish and arrogant. It is true that by the end of the book one has a fair notion of the area, so to say, covered by the author's personality; yet this area is not so much drawn in as omitted; its outline being made up by the companionable edges of all the many portraits of people and places which surround it. This deflation by omission holds true even of the splendid gallery of snapshots by which this delightful memoir is enlivened. The Kansas City relations who people the earlier illustrations, to say nothing of the Gertrude Steins and James Joyces and John Cages who peer from the later pages, all look more interesting than the author himself who sometimes appears in the corner or perched on the arm of a sofa full of notabilities, looking sometimes 'impish', but always comparatively ordinary. The round mild face of this aggressive musical partisan, and busily productive artist seems, somehow, to smile straight from his prose—and the effect is all gain. It tempers the acerbity of some pretty sharp assessments and it melts into a rueful "back-to-the-old-drawing-board" sigh certain passages describing the reception or non-performance of his own works which

SWEDISH SINGER IN ENGLAND

The Last Letters of Jenny Lind, edited with commentaries by Lockard, Jr. 199pp. Gollancz. 28s.

Some ten years ago a new biography of Jenny Lind by Joan Bulman recalled the extraordinary mixture of qualities that enabled a fundamentally simple woman to have a fabulous career as a singer. The picture of the Swedish girl who married a German and settled in England, of the dramatic artist who so baited the theatre that she gave up the career of a prima donna and took to oratorio and charity concerts, is confirmed in this collection of letters to a single correspondent. In Berlin, Frau Wichmann; the domestic details of her married life are filled out in the reports of her later life to one who had befriended her in her earlier years. They have been translated from the German by the editors, who do not say where or how they discovered these "lost" letters—which recently turned up in England—is as far as they go in revealing how they saw them, though they are Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny's husband, who, co-operating with her official biographer, saw her death in 1887. There seems to doubt their authenticity psychologically they are a piece: indeed their publisher is in their reflection of the artist, changing to the mother—she was convinced would never survive. The first child—but the relationship with the Schumanns, the acquaintances (e.g., the her travels, and the final her religious beliefs, the est. of *Impressions* verse already known facts about The editors provide a biography as context for the

THE RUSSELL FOUNDATION

The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell. 230pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 2s.

This first volume of Lord Russell's autobiography is a handsomely produced and substantial in size and acquired only slowly and with a noble photograph of its difficulty. Suddenly, author and subject on the front of they no longer seem much the same. It turns out, perhaps, to survive and communicate a little less than it promises. May have to abandon his claim to the first place more than half of his training, even his habits contents is taken up, in the Vic and start again from the bottom, with letters and some. Granted, this always happens early memoranda and the majority there is a fundamental of the letters are to Russell rather than in the arts; that is why him. Secondly, the 105 pages of genuinely new material proper prove to contain a good resisted. But this time a deal of material that has already been question is something unpublished in his *Portraits from Memory* and thorough-going theory: the admirable if rather stiff set of speaking or seeing; glimpses about his famous friends, styles of architecture, a Whitehead, Conrad, the Webbs and heart", seem newer, more so on.

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expert in the art of matrimonial success: People of good manners can often manage to get on in the same house, once they have agreed to differ... In the meantime we can only regret the annoyance any such rearrangement causes, and the break up of a union which seemed to promise well at the beginning.

The second is from Jane Harrison and has a wonderfully gruff and twelvety ring: May I say just this? You have always stood by me for goodness and sweetness—I shall always think of you—until you tell me not—as doing the straight hard thing.

But best of all are the letters from the elderly female relations by whom Russell was brought up. The suspicion that they were really written by Mr. L. P. Hartley can be kept at bay only by noticing a certain lack of aesthetic discretion that they exhibit.

And for my too dear boy, I can only try to hope, though the way is not easy to find. Have you called on the people to whom the Barrow gave you letters?

writes Granny Russell. His impending marriage calls forth this: "My voice fails me whenever I try to speak of what is coming, although it is an event so full of happiness to you."

And again: By the bye you have not yet said a word to Annie about her little birthday letter. She has not said so, and she told me it was only a few lines, but such as they were she made an effort over illness to write them.

Antie herself carries some quite heavy ornament: I was so very, very sorry to hear that you were not at Doris's funeral (his former governess). I felt quite sure you would be present and can only think that something very definite must have prevented you.

Russell has already told the story of his intellectual development more than once. In this volume the focus of interest is the more personal aspects of his life, and his thinking enters the picture only through its emotional repercussions. Anyone who has so

much as turned the pages of *Principia Mathematica* will read without surprise but with sympathy of the protracted anguish of its composition. In May, 1902 he finished his brilliant prose exposition of his ideas about logic and mathematics, the 200,000-word long *Principles of Mathematics*. For the next eight years, often working ten or twelve hours a day, he toiled at the strictly formal and deductive presentation of his doctrine. Throughout this time he was living in the country with his wife Alys. It is not surprising that their marriage

should have broken down, all the more since, as he tells us, it was sexually defunct by 1901. *Principia Mathematica* cost Russell eight years of intense suffering and, as a final irony, £50 with which he had to subsidize its publication. At least all this was not in vain. The implied comparison in its title with Newton's great work has been vindicated.

One fact that emerges from these memoirs is perhaps not generally recognized. He was at Cambridge from 1890 until his marriage in 1894.

Although he regularly visited Cambridge after that time it was not until October, 1910, on appointment to a lectureship at Trinity, that he became a resident fellow. Russell, in fact, has never really been an academic. He is the last of that great sequence of British empiricist philosophers, which contains also Locke, Hume and Mill, who practised their art as independent men of letters. This fact is highly congruous with the excellence of his prose and, more widely, with the heroic breadth of his interests and human sympathies.

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WHITE HOUSE DARK HORSE

CHARLES SELLERS: *James K. Polk*. Vol. II. Continentalist, 1843-1846. 513pp. Princeton University Press. £5.

The second volume of Professor Sellers' admirable life of Polk has all the merits of the first and more general interest. The "basket of crabs" politics of Tennessee do not interest everyone and the illustrations of how hard a fight the disciples of Jackson had in the home state of "the Hero", although essential to understanding both the victory of Polk and the necessary preliminary, the ostracism of Van Buren, again lack general appeal. But the detailed story of how the repudiated and unpopular politician, unsuccessful champion of an embattled party, became President is of fascinating novelty. Novelty, for the accidents and plots that led to the nomination of the first dark horse in American presidential politics have never been told in such effective and intelligent detail.

But it is not only as a dark horse that the career of Polk is important. No one would claim that he was one of the great presidents. Some would claim that, in the single term to which he deliberately limited himself, he was the most effective president. He carried out, with almost complete success, an elaborate programme in foreign and domestic affairs. He made good the formal claim to Texas and annexed the equally coveted California. Taciturn, ambiguous, master of manoeuvre (or, as his enemies would have said, of deceit), Polk outmanoeuvred or used more formally brilliant and important men. How he did it is an example of foreign and domestic skill that Lincoln could not have surpassed. Luck helped; thus the news of the Mexican War did not arrive in time to weaken Aberdeen in his pressure on Peel and the Tory cabinet to compromise the Oregon question. (Aberdeen, it might be said, was no dupe of Polk's, but he had a sense of realities.) Polk needed a war and he got one. How was a matter of bitter debate at the time and of genuine moral reprobation. All the anger of the pro-Buers, directed at Milner and Chamberlain, was as nothing to the real and feigned indignation of most of the Whig leaders and of the young Congressmen Lincoln and young Brahmin poet, James Russell Lowell. The recent judgment of Professor Merk that the Mexican War was conceived in sin, if mendacity, positive and negative, is sinful when it results in great political gain, is confirmed by Professor Sellers, although he is perhaps less

concerned with the President's morals than with the harm, in the not very long run, Polk's deviousness did to the Democratic party and the United States. This volume ends with the shadow cast by the Wilmot Proviso—which was the shadow of a greater war than the armed take-over bid we call the "Mexican War".

The real villain, if there is one, is Calhoun, who appears in a very different light from the stern and unbending doctrine of Southern legend. Benton appears as his old, magnificent self and Winfield Scott as one of the most outrageously incompetent candidates in American history, recalling Leonard Wood rather than Douglas MacArthur. There is some magnificent spread-eagle oratory and we have old John Quincy Adams justifying "manifest destiny" in terms that, a generation later, would have alarmed the heirs of the Forty-Niners if they had been advanced by the *Heathen Chinee*. John Wilton Croker would have exploded at having the *Quarterly Review* describe as the "Whig" organ, and although Jefferson Davis had left the Army to become a planter, he was hardly an amateur or political soldier—he was a West Point alumnus and had been a serving regular officer.

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THE CLEVES MASTER

The Hours of Catherine of Cleves.

In the autumn of 1964 there was put on display in the Pierpont Morgan Library what Mr. John Canaday, the art critic of *The New York Times*, called "the most dazzling art exhibition of the season". This comprised the 157 surviving pictures in the then recently reconstituted Book of Hours made and illustrated in the second quarter of the fifteenth century, apparently at Utrecht, for Catherine, daughter of Duke Adolf of Cleves, who in 1430 married Duke Arnold of Guelders; and our reviewer of Dr. Plummer's preliminary report (October 29, 1964) concluded that "the discovery of a new part, and the publication of this and its little known other part, has revolutionised opinions of Dutch book painting".

The recent history of this Book of Hours is as romantic as its illustrations are dazzling. Half of it, in the library of the Duke of Arenberg, had been known, if dimly, to the experts since 1904, when it was exhibited at Düsseldorf, supposedly as a complete book; but although "frequently and rightly acclaimed", to quote Mr. Adams, Director of the Morgan Library, "as just about the most famous single work of northern Netherlands illumination, it is probable that no scholar ever even saw the manuscript between 1904 and 1958", when it was sold by H. P. Kraus of New York to Mr. Alastair Bradley Martin of that city, whose collection is publicly known under the name of Guennol (Welsh for martin), and who promptly lent it to the exhibition of Dutch medieval art at the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, where its quality was fully appreciated. A few years later Messrs. Rosenberg, the New York art dealers, were entrusted by a European member of the Rothschild family with the sale of some manuscripts, one of which was also apparently a Book of Hours—*Horre*, being collections for private devotion, are of various constitution and arrangement—in which Mr. Adams, who was the first to inspect

it, recognized the hand of the illustrious artist known (from the Arenberg-Guennol manuscript) as the Arenberg Master or the Master of Catherine of Cleves; this being up till then his principal known work. The Pierpont Morgan Library lost no time in buying the second manuscript; and when the two were closely compared Mr. Adams and Dr. Plummer came to the exciting conclusion that, though neither was quite complete, the two were not merely from the same atelier, they were complementary parts of what had been originally one manuscript: a unity divided in the 1850s into two superficially viable—and rebound, doubly salable—entities. From a clue supplied by Professor Harry Bober, one of the contributors to the 1964 report, the Morgan Library sleuths were led to the almost inescapable probability that the villain was the Paris bookseller Jacques Joseph Techener—one of whose customers was an ancestor of the previous owner of the Guennol manuscript.

Now, two years later, the provisional findings of Dr. Plummer and the earlier contributory authorities—Delaissé, Panofsky, Meiss—have been amplified and consolidated into an introduction, with a series of appendices and a commentary on each plate, to a series of coloured reproductions of the 157 illustrated pages of the reorganized manuscript (plus three text pages for good measure). Dr. Plummer, who spent months comparing these paintings—for that is what they are, and the time-honoured term "miniature" is increasingly misleading—with other manuscripts attributable to the Master of Cleves and to related artists, gives us a fascinating description of the expert and exacting task of reassembling the components of the original manuscript in their proper order; Techener, if it was he, having divided them not systematically but solely and unscrupulously for the creation of two plausible volumes, with chaotic disarray as the result. The reconstructed book proves to

contain an exceptionally large number of "optional" sections besides the canonical hours of the Virgin (Matins, Lauds, Terce, Vespers, and the rest). There is a calendar of Saints, which is a normal feature; but there is also a litany of Saints (*Letania Major*), a Mass for the Dead, the Tuesday Hours of the Holy Ghost, part of the Wednesday Hours of All Saints, the Friday Hours of the Compassion of God (*Miserere Dei*) and the Mass of the Cross, the Sabbath Hours and Mass of the Virgin, part of the Office of the Dead, and an uncommonly long list of Suffrages. The systematization of the illustrations to this substantial corpus (there are now 357 leaves, and the missing portions are thought likely to have needed about a dozen further pictures) shows, as Dr. Plummer admirably concludes, a very remarkable degree of orderliness and rationality; and he leaves us in no doubt that the Master, though doubtless he had liturgical assistance, was a very capable organizer as well as a very remarkable artist.

Evidence is deployed which suggests the date of about 1440 for the completion of what must have been a protracted commission. Dr. Plummer considers all the Cleves pictures and probably their borders (many of the later ones, in particular, highly original) to be the work of the master; attributing the more conventional decoration which surrounds almost all the text pages to three distinct hands in his atelier. The suggestion is deployed which suggests the date of about 1440 for the completion of what must have been a protracted commission.

POUSSIN CATALOGUED

ANTHONY BLUNT: *The Paintings of Nicolas Poussin: A Critical Catalogue*. 271pp. Phaidon Press. 56s.

This is the catalogue section of Sir Anthony Blunt's monumental book on Poussin's pictures; the volumes of text and plates are promised for publication soon.

The present book is formed mainly of well-arranged catalogue entries for pictures that the author, after many years of research and numerous publications of one kind and another on Poussin, thinks can be ascribed to him with a high degree of probability; it is much to be welcomed that small reproductions of these are included, for rapid reference. There is also a substantial piece on sculptures associated with Poussin, including good reproductions of the Herms at Versailles. This is followed by two lists of lost and rejected pictures; it may indeed be worth while making a distinction, though in some cases Professor Blunt is in difficulty with his classification. The bibliography contains 1,444 numbers, and there are good indexes.

Professor Blunt's massive erudition commands very great respect; it would be hard to find old references relevant to the study of Poussin's pictures that he is not aware of; and he has himself been in the thick of the upsurge of Poussin studies that has taken place in recent years.

On matters that are or have been disputed—and there are plenty—it would be inappropriate to comment much in a review of the present volume. The author says in the preface that almost all the paintings are discussed; in the promised text volume, discussion of some knotty points being specifically referred to it.

Writings on Poussin keep on appearing, and it may have been a difficult decision for Professor Blunt to choose the time at which to publish his book. One item too recent for him to record here is an essay by Mme. Doris Wild, who claims that quite a few pictures that he and other critics have accepted as early works of Poussin should be ascribed to Mellin. Mme. Wild's essay is, certainly open to criticism; it is not even clear that Mellin did paint very like Poussin. Yet it is to be regretted that Professor Blunt could not here offer his own views on her claims. He could, indeed, have made some comment in his entry for "The Annunciation" at Chantilly, since a suggestion of Mellin's scholarship had been mentioned in an earlier article; but in this entry he confines remarks to Mellin to a drawing that he records, which is in some way related to the picture. Yet the connexion with Mellin (however interpreted) seems to be rather more than this, and it is to be hoped

gested influence on some of the Cleves Master's compositions of the Master of Esmalme, the Boncompagni Master and the Master of the *Grande Heures de la Famille de Rohan* is examined, and the possibility that he was a pupil of the Master of Zweder van Calemberg is discounted. In general the number of "quotations" is found to be relatively small and the number of seemingly original compositions preponderant. In short, Dr. Plummer establishes the Hours of Catherine of Cleves as a manuscript whose importance in the history of art in the Netherlands matches its astonishing beauty and vitality.

The book is printed by photo-offset, appropriately in the Netherlands (its New York publisher is Mr. George Braziller, who has similar ambitions for the Caton Oval). The coloured plates, in natural size, have been executed with commendable care and clarity, and although sometimes a little darker in tone they give a very fair idea of the matchless originals. Scholars, art historians, iconographers and liturgists are deeply in debt to the Morgan Library and its Curator of Manuscripts, and to Mr. Alastair Bradley Martin, for this thorough and admirably pointed exposition of a manuscript, so happily reunited after a century's diaspora, of first-rate importance. As for the general public, no lover, gayer, more imaginative religious picture book has been or is likely to be published in this decade at—for these days and for what it is—such a bargain price.

Sidgwick & Jackson

Fiction

FOGGY

JOHN BARRY: *The Bride of Abydos*. 176pp. Hutchinson. 21s.

Nothing is sure in John Barry's novel, but one can say with some confidence that his *Abydos* has nothing to do with Leander or Byron. Or has it? The hero's name is Manfred. This *Abydos* is an island in the Malayan Archipelago on which, so it appears, a fisherman has undergone a fall-out induced mutation, changed sex and become pregnant. The phenomenon is of much interest to the C.I.A. agent Armstrong, who wishes it suppressed, and to Manfred, agent of an opposing anti-nuclear organization who wishes it revealed. But the bride is hard to find and Manfred's pursuit takes him into the sleazier areas of Singapore and Hongkong, into a squalid freak show and through the jungle.

This ungainly version of the world of Bond Mr. Barry sends up with a laconic extravagance which is often extremely funny. But the send-up is only a part of his concern. Just as in *Ley Gommies* Robbe-Grillet uses the conventions of detective fiction to describe a very different search, so this dotty spy story describes the hunt for an underlying, ever receding, probably non-existent reality. Indeed, to that extent the two novels share a most distinctive flavour. Mr. Barry's style though, is the very antithesis of Robbe-Grillet's. At its best it is excellent; Manfred's arrival by moonlight in a ruined temple is a marvelous set piece, so is his adventure with the mirrors in the freak show, but the laconic often gives way to the obscurely stenographic or worse, the obscurely over-written: "... the slant light ... shone imperceptibly in those (openings) favoured by the low rising luncheon ..."

It is an example. We also have "the tentativeness of the tent". These are admittedly faults on the right side, faults of exuberance, but Mr. Barry's ability to conjure up a world of misty, shifting objectives is already so good that such wilful fog is merely irritating.

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An invaluable work which is superseded.

Send for Spring

STAY AT HOME

MAURICE SHADBOLT: *The Presence of Music*. 214pp. Cassell. 25s.

In New Zealand, as elsewhere, it is usual for intellectuals to complain about the isolation of the artist. The distinction of their predicament, however, is that they are not numerous enough to congregate in impenetrable ghettos and live by one another's washing. The strength of the provincial artist, in fact, if he stays at home to exploit it, is that he cannot escape from his philistine fellows and perhaps perish of refinement. Some such theme is latent in all three of the "novellas" which Mr. Shadbolt now presents.

Although this theme supplies the action of the first novella, "The Voyages", it is not by any means the whole of what he wants to say, either in this story or in the other two, "The Presence of Music" and "Figures in Light". All three stories have an artist as a principal—a painter in the first and third, a pianist in the second—but Mr. Shadbolt has not run the risk of revealing them from within. They come to us through the moving retrospective of someone who loved them, in each case a first-person narrator. This enables Mr. Shadbolt to illuminate what appears to be his principal theme: that each of us on his journey "towards the extinction of light" is constantly reviewing and re-evaluating his past and especially his childhood and youth, the central lagoon round which our pulp colony of selves rears up its visible atoll.

In weaving together his themes Mr. Shadbolt establishes his character firmly against an intimately known background of small town, countryside and city in the North Island and evokes with success the various atmospheres in and out of which his father, attractively white-haired and courtly, turns out to be the best lover of all. Miss Ryder knows how to communicate the desperate moments of passion and despair, but cannot—perhaps should not have attempted to—sustain an entire novel at such a level, because the conversations between love-making seem inevitably trite and unconvincing.

which his restless and mobile countrymen incessantly move. For the long centre-piece story he extends his range to Europe, but this is perhaps a mistake: for his splinter of the European scene are observed from the surface, the pyrites of brilliant reporting rather than the dense twenty-four carat gold that is needed here.

Mr. Shadbolt also seems to be implying that the artist and the non-artist need each other, if either is to fulfill himself, and his dramatization of this view contrives not to be banal. In each story it is the narrator who supplies the necessary foil and stands for the common-sense majority, sympathetically understood. Using the same method for each story, however, has weakened the total effect: the three narrators are supposed to be three different men, but because they all speak with the one voice and are basically making the same statement, they become confused in the reader's mind and fail to emerge as living persons; to come alive characters must have some mystery and these men are only perplexed.

There is yet a further difficulty which has not been wholly overcome. The narrators have to be persons of penetration to be at all tolerable to the artists they love. But the mechanics of each story often require that they should fail to understand. In consequence, they sometimes reveal themselves on one page as highly intelligent and as very perceptive on the next. To the exacting reader whom Mr. Shadbolt deserves and challenges, this sort of inplausibility is troubling.

OTHER NEW NOVELS

CHRISTOPHER HODDER-WILLIAMS: *The Egg-Shaped Thing*. 248pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

The trouble about having a popular fiction on the theories of Quantum Physics and Relativity is that this region of human thought is only explainable, or even expressible, in its own language, and even then it is only fully intelligible to experts. Mr. Hodder-Williams in his new novel ventures "several light-years beyond the disciplines of Quantum-Physics and Relativity, just to see what I could do with them".

Small wonder that the form of the narrative is so elliptical that neither reader, narrator, nor any of the other characters seems to understand what is going on. Nor does the conclusion provide any more than an evasive solution. Coincidence is strained to the nth degree, and this perhaps is relevant to a device designed by frustrated physicists, redundant from the Manhattan Project, to create a link in space/time and to displace the statistical laws of probability. But precisely how this is done, what goes on inside the egg-shaped copper-coloured thing, "which is only half there", and its precise effect on individuals who come into contact with it (most of whom, but not all, immediately disappear, and still more upon the rest of the world, remains exasperatingly obscure.

For the greater part of the book, anyway, the reader is kept in ignorance of the nature of its hero's quest, and at the conclusion it is necessary to read the book backwards to the beginning to try to fit in various clues and characters that have been casually dropped on the way. By no means all of them can be so fitted. Mr. Hodder-Williams writes in a compelling, tautly impressionistic style, but here he seems to have bitten off rather more than he (or perhaps anyone else) could chew.

ELLEN RYDER: *Kate*. 239pp. Hutchinson. 25s.

The eponymous heroine of this hectic and headlong novel is a sexy girl who, though illegitimate, appears more than ready to upset any marital apparition that comes her way. Filling with a willing, middle-aged actor who talks about "Mother at the height of her loveliness", she is instantly weak at the knees in the company of her new employer, a noisy self-made sexual despot whom she calls Taurus. But Taurus's rival, a beautiful young upper-class Englishman called Brian, offers a Surrey mansion and marriage. Fine, except

JOHN BLACKBURN: *The Flame and the Wind*. 255pp. Jonathan Cape. 21s.

The versatile John Blackburn has deserted one kind of horror for quite another, diabolism for divinity. His new novel is the story of a freed slave who pursued the Christians as zealously as Saul did before he became Paul. Paul-Saul is part of this story, and so is Judas Iscariot's daughter. Few subjects are harder to fictionalize, but as historical novels of the period go, this passes muster.

FREDERICK L. KEEFE: *The Investigating Officer*. 406pp. Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

Frederick L. Keefe has written a long stogy whodunit about the American occupation of Austria. The investigating officer of his title has to find out whether Lieutenant Maddox and Corporal Jesse shot two German prisoners-of-war when they were trying to escape or whether they murdered them in cold blood. This question is held to be unimportant by many of the large cast of characters; readers may be inclined to share their callous attitude. The soldiers' ever flash with anger, their faces are a mixture of compassion and fury, their clasped hands are drained of all colour, they lose their heads irritably, and when restraint aside. But there is no more life in the narrative than there is in the drably uniform dialogue.

COLIN WILSON: *The Mind Parasites*. 222pp. Arthur Barker. 21s.

As usual, the impression left by a book of Colin Wilson's is of a potentially useful intelligence spending itself on immensely silly ideas. This novel is substantially an SF version of the later parts of *The Outsider*, men's mental powers attacked by moon-sprung parasites which are repelled by a very interestingly superhuman who have read Jung, Teilhard de Chardin, Gurdjieff, &c. And, as usual, the reader is left to say, What a pity, what a waste!

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SEPARATED

IWAN GOLL and CLAIRE GOLL: *Briefe*. Foreword by Kasimir Edschmid. 262pp. Mainz: Kupferberg, DM.52.

Iwan's last poem to Claire begins
Ein Staubbaum wächst
Ein Staubwald überall wo wir gegangen
Und diese Staubland weh! führt
 nicht an
Unredeemed by poetry, these letters
have something of that fatal dust

Frank Cava have just released fifteen publications of the New York Museum of Modern Art, many of which have been out of print. They are: *Paintings of Papaver Paulthuis, originally published in 1935; The Architecture of Antoni Gaudí by Arthur Drexler (1935); 25 C's; John Marin (1936); 24 C's; Contemporary Painters by James Thrall Soby (1948); 24 C's; Cubism and Abstract Art by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (1949); 29 C's; Abstract Art by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (1950); 10 C's; The Art of the Film by E. W. 24 C's; Ancient Art of the Andes by Wendell C. Bennett and René d'Hulst (1954); 26 C's; The Art of the Renaissance by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (1954); 26 C's; The Art of the Baroque by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (1956); 26 C's; Vincent van Gogh by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (1935); 26 C's; 24 C's by Monroe Wheeler (1950); 24 C's; James Ensor by Libby T. Jacobson (1951); 26 C's; The Art of the Twentieth Century by John Sweeney (1935); 26 C's; The Art of Giorgio de Chirico by James Thrall Soby (1953); 26 C's.*

JULIÁN MARÍAS
Translated by FRANCES M. LÓPEZ-MOXILLAS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

any

GEORGE K. YOUNG: *Merchant Banking. Practice and Prospects.* 250pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2 5s.

Mr. Young was invited "to produce a book which would give a young man some idea of the kind of career offered by merchant banking and which would also make a forecast of the likely state of the profession over the next decade or so." He has eschewed the obvious technique of describing a typical day in the life of a director or junior employee. Instead, he allows his picture of merchant banking as a career to emerge obliquely from his descriptions.

The technical sophistication of much of the work is apparent from his description of, say, the issuing business or the euro-dollar market; the world-wide dimensions of the business come through quite clearly, as does the enormous variety of the work, probably unrivalled in any other commercial activity. The aspiring merchant banker is told, with examples, how the way to the top of many Houses is open to all, with or without family connexions; he is even told the sort of salary he can expect, in the author's view, as a young employee, as a junior director and as a senior director in the larger merchant banks. And in giving tips to young men on so personal a business as merchant banking, the author is surely right in adopting the happy technique of asking several successful practitioners to give their own advice, as it were, to his young readers. It is fascinating, for example, after reading of the establishment and success of Warburg in the postwar world, to be told Sir Siegmund's views on what the business is all about and how young men should be prepared, and prepare themselves, to conduct it effectively.

Mr. Young employs a similar, indirect technique in forecasting the likely state of the profession over the next decade or so. He sets down the central characteristic that "merchant banks do not undertake any activities peculiar to themselves but have grown and progressed by doing better than others, and by creating

new roles for themselves before others caught up (as they always have done)." Besides the present activities of the merchant banks, he describes also the environment in which they operate and the pressures from other institutions to trespass on their preserves. He describes, too, some of the directions in which he thinks they will move and some of the opportunities he thinks they may find open and exploit in the coming years. Some readers may feel that in these forecasts Mr. Young puts too much weight on the activities and opportunities overseas, particularly in Europe, and perhaps too little on the banks' activities in portfolio investment. But if his historical chapters have one clear message, it is that the merchant banks have survived and prospered through their flexibility; and to forecast with any precision where this flexibility will lead them in the future would be rash indeed.

Here then are facts about the history of merchant banks, the environment in which they operate and, particularly, their current activities. There are some slips and printers' errors: it was not Mr. David Colville, the partner in Rothschilds, who was formerly private secretary to Sir Winston Churchill, but his brother who sits on the board of another distinguished House; and his fellow partner at Rothschilds is Mr. Philip Shelbourne, not Sherbourne. But such small lapses do not distort the broad picture which Mr. Young presents. A more serious criticism concerns the amount of space devoted to topics immaterial to the author's basic themes. By the end of the book the reader is all too aware of Mr. Young's own political prejudices and views—his dislike of the Conservative administrations of Mr. Macmillan and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, for instance; and he sometimes seems to go out of his way to take irrelevant swipes at things of which he disapproves, from dirty jokes to "Bloomsbury literary cliques".

Bernard Malamud

Winner of the 1967 National Book Award for fiction

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The Citation of the Judges:

"We give the fiction award to Bernard Malamud's novel of life in Czarist Russia, *THE FIXER*: for the vitality and interest of its narrative; for the immediacy and importance of its theme; for the acuteness and maturity of its insights; for the warmth and humanity of its feeling; for the precision and clarity of its writing; and for the balance and sanity of its point of view."

"We believe that there is a special cogency for Americans as for the inhabitants of all today's super-states in Mr. Malamud's story, concerned with the strains and anxieties that beset a man who finds himself a stranger in his community, and simultaneously a victim of the irrational prejudices of the crowd, and the arbitrary procedures of the agents of the remote and inaccessible state power which controls its destinies. We believe that in its bold attack on this theme, *THE FIXER* upholds the tradition of immediacy which gave the novel much of its importance and its vitality in the past, which is its chief claim to our attention in the present, and its strongest hope for the future."

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE 6th April 30s

SIR GEORGE PICKERING: *The Challenge to Education.* 167pp. Watts. 15s.

When a distinguished scholar, an eminent doctor, a Fellow of the Royal Society, a humanist, a member of the Hebdomadal Council of Oxford University writes a book on education, it is time to listen. It will be recalled that Sir George Pickering, in his evidence to the Franks Commission (subsequently reprinted in the *Oxford Magazine*), argued for a university education that bridged the arts and the sciences, and truly educated people. As he says in this volume, underlying his thesis was the assumption that:

Society has the right, indeed the duty, to demand that the pattern of education provided by the state for its citizens shall prepare them for the problems and tasks of today and tomorrow. Neglect of this elementary principle is an important factor in Britain's decline as a world power and her recurrent financial crises of the last twenty years. Until this principle is recognized and acted upon, all talk of the modernization of Britain is ideal and empty.

But it is perhaps unwise to rely too much on education for:

If the past is a reliable guide to the future, the great creative genius in art, literature and music, and perhaps in science and religion, will escape from the narrow confines of formal education to pursue their lonely and rebellious destinies.

It is from this honest assertion that Sir George argues that, in spite of his sense of scientific caution, the dominance achieved by man in the animal world is often attributed to his ancestors having retained so much potential for change because so many of his organs, e.g., the upper limbs, had not become over-specialized, as they have, for example, in the horse and the seal. Is there a parallel with education here? Is it possible that the function of an ideal educational system is to

preserve and enhance the potential of the human child: to increase its range of awareness; to preserve and enhance its curiosity; to increase the precision of its thought; and above all to give it freedom to develop? The danger of an educational system are the converse: over-specialization, the destruction of curiosity and initiative, and the curtailment of freedom of the individual to develop himself.

Sir George argues that premature specialization in the English education system has a series of disadvantages that are not only pedagogic and anti-humanistic but have some broad consequences as well because the intense narrowness of the sixth-form and undergraduate course (which he would see as a whole) leads to a degree of concentration on out-of-date and irrelevant topics at the expense of an intense interest in the things that matter. In particular he is concerned with the neglect of technology and the applied sciences, and argues that it is this very real neglect which has grossly handicapped our society in all sorts of ways. He argues that this early specialization is usually justified on the grounds of the necessity to achieve high standards, but that by high standards is frequently meant excessive and empty pedantry—not true high standards at all.

From this hypothesis, which he argues for with force and wisdom, he suggests that a complete re-examination of the curriculum at sixth form and university levels is one of the most urgently needed tasks in the education system. He is less enthusiastic about the comprehensive school or about the principle of social equality than other recent writers on this topic, though it may well be that there is not so much opposition between the desire to achieve

equality and the need for a curriculum as he would have us believe. The author comes close to scholarly standards of objectivity. He has both the advantages and the disadvantages of having taken part, as an official of the State Department, in the events which he describes. The principal advantages are an understanding of the motives and pressures of the moment, which do not always emerge clearly from published documents; and a warmth and colour in the narrative which only personal participation can give. The main disadvantage is not a tendency to self-justification or defence of political superiority, from which Mr. Halle is admirably free. It is that one man can only take part in one scene at a time, so that his view of the whole course of the history he has experienced is inevitably unbalanced. Not even Churchill could escape this fact of nature when writing *The Second World War*.

Mr. Halle's purpose is not simply to narrate the events of the cold war, though that he does competently enough. He wants to explain why it happened—why indeed, it had to happen—and why it is now apparently coming to an end, at least as a state of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. At both ends of the story he has recourse to the physical metaphor of the vacuum. The Americans and the Russians were bound to reach a direct confrontation because neither could tolerate a vacuum; and once Germany was destroyed in 1945 there was nothing but a vacuum in Central Europe. What has happened in the ensuing twenty years may be described in two ways: either that the natural horror of a vacuum, personified at its height by Molotov and Dulles, has abated; or that the redistribution of power in the world with secondary powers strong enough to make it impossible to treat them as a vacuum.

A classic example is Yugoslavia, which now fulfils exactly this role. The history of the French army during the Vichy regime has an unusual interest and importance. Superficially it may seem that the French Liberation Army was an entirely different one from that which had served Pétain. It is often believed that the dispersal in 1942 of the 100,000 troops whom Marshal was allowed to retain by the armistice of 1940, followed by the purges of 1944, marked the final disappearance of the old pre-war army. This was not so. Very few of the Resistance chiefs were given regular commissions after the war. The vast majority of the officer corps in 1946 were veterans of Pétain's Armistice army; every single active general at that date had been a regular officer before the war. Professor Paxton's study of the army under Pétain is therefore highly instructive, because it shows how it acted when suddenly given more power and influence than it had enjoyed for a long time. The Third Republic had been suspicious of a professional army and hostile to the conservative and religious values which most of the officers favoured. Now the army at last had its chance.

It obtained a higher proportion of ministries in 1940 than in any cabinet for more than a century. Even though it had been defeated, it was now officially held to be the backbone of the nation and an essential instrument for instilling patriotism, morality and discipline into it. General de Lattre de Tassigny was one of the people who put these ideas into practice most actively. Professor Paxton has found interesting information in the General's private papers about his participation in this "National Revolution". At Opme, near Clermont-Ferrand, he assembled 100 young men "carefully selected in precise proportions as typical representatives of every region of France, of every social origin, of every profession," and set them to rebuild the village. He hoped their common labour would bring about the union of classes and put an end to the traditional political divisions of the country. He presented them by an hour of gym from himself in the evening with the law of love and "pride in work well done". He then filled the village with his troops and made them lead a corporate life, performing manual tasks together, relearning ancient crafts. He lectured them on history,

LOUIS J. HALLE: *The Cold War as History.* 434pp. Chatto and Windus. £2 10s.

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But there are many others, some of which have traditionally been neutral, such as Sweden and Switzerland, and some of which have succeeded in following Yugoslavia's example, such as Poland and Rumania. The point in every case is that such a secondary power must be strong enough to resist pressure, short of war, from any direction. In 1945 the countries which were to become known as "satellites" of the Soviet Union lacked this power and were therefore treated as a vacuum. Now they are acquiring it and filling their own vacuum. In an interesting passage on South-east Asia Mr. Halle implies that the same thing might very well have proved true of a united Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh, if the right decision had been taken at the right time. To argue this is to suggest that Ho Chi Minh might have proved to be a Tito, which no one could have foreseen in 1945. But in 1945 few people foresaw that Tito would prove to be a Tito either.

If Mr. Halle is right in his tentative diagnosis of Vietnam, then it is the latest in a long series of faulty appreciations by American governments of their own true interests. Equally disheartening have been the Soviet miscalculations. That is really what the cold war has been about all the time, reinforced by a number of more serious miscalculations by each side of the other's intentions and motives. The Americans misunderstood the Russians' intentions in Germany and the Far East; they failed to see that the so-called satellites were a source of weakness, not of strength, to the Soviet Union; and they imagined that the triumph of Mao Tse-tung was a victory for Moscow. Eisenhower's dictum that "the freedom we cherish and defend in

Europe and the Americas is no different from the freedom that is imperilled in Asia" may be taken as a classic statement of the myth for which G.I.s are now dying in Vietnam. The ineptitude of Dulles in foreign policy emerges from Mr. Halle's analysis even more frighteningly than had long been supposed. Stalin and Khrushchev, on the other hand, made blunders no less appalling. Stalin's misdirected American intentions both in Berlin and Korea, Khrushchev's repeated blunder in Berlin and compounded by over Cuba. Now that the Soviet leaders have learnt their lesson, Mao Tse-tung continues to denounce American power as a "paper tiger". There is evidently justice in Churchill's argument that only the fear of nuclear destruction could have prevented all these dangerous blunders from launching a third world war. One of the most interesting passages in Mr. Halle's book is his exposition of the natural affinity between the advocates of a "hard line" on both sides: Dulles and Molotov understood each other, as they showed at the conferences in Geneva in 1945-55, much more easily than did Eisenhower and Khrushchev.

Although Mr. Halle's able and judicious book cannot be accepted as a history of the cold war, it is nevertheless a serious contribution to scholarship. Above all it is humane and compassionate to both sides. Apart from the personal reminiscences, his nationality would not easily be deduced from his bibliography, in which European writers predominate. There are few writers on the cold war, on either side of the fence, of whom so much could be said.

ROBERT O. PAXTON: *Parades and Politics at Vichy.* 472pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 12s.

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They were not old men who tried to put the clock back in this way. The advanced age of Pétain and Weygand gives a false impression of general senility. General Huntziger, whom Pétain appointed War Minister in September, 1940, was the youngest general in the army. There were very few real Nazis among them. They did purge the Jews from their ranks but they also had a strong tradition of Germanophobia. Their refusal to follow de Gaulle in 1940 should not be misinterpreted. De Gaulle could not escape to London because he had no active command: he had just lost his job as Under-Secretary for War; and the small number of regular officers who joined him were mainly men who were not caught in the normal chain of subordination. From 1940 to 1942 Pétain's army concealed large amounts of armaments and equipment from the Germans, and after their abandonment, many of them engaged in resistance activities. But they got no thanks for it, because they did not do it as a body. They were repeatedly discredited. They had failed as an army; they distributed numerous medals to themselves and treated themselves to higher rations. By April, 1942, Pierre Laval had reasserted civilian control over them. But they survived, despite the purges. However, the experience of the war had a profound effect on their discipline. They learnt the dangers of obeying orders with political implications. The results became evident fifteen years later in Algeria, after their morale had been finally shattered by the disillusionment of decolonization. The loss of the empire was probably a more serious blow to the army than the armistice of 1940.

Professor Paxton, of Berkeley, California, has written a very good book, analysing these aspects of Vichy history. He has used all the available material with great skill and discrimination: he has had access to some private papers; and he has interviewed about fifty survivors of the regime. It is a pity however that he is not more precise about these unpublished sources. His book concentrates principally on the years 1940-42, but one would very much have liked more about the subsequent fate of Pétain's disbanded army.

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RONALD SMIT: *The Russian Terrorists.* 303pp. Barrie and Rockliff. 35s.

The story of the Russian terrorists is the stuff of fiction. It has been told many times and still preserves a compulsive fascination. The setting in which the drama turned it into a bloody, at times a disgusting, business which in some cases provided an excuse for criminals to wear cloak and dagger, to cultivate violence for its own sake or to satisfy an instinct for conspiratorial intrigue. But essentially it is a story of tragic heroism. One is staggered both at the moral tenacity of these men and women and their compassionate humanity, even when their movements seem to have an air of dreams and hallucinations. They freely severed all the secure, comfortable bonds of custom, familiarity, self-interest and happiness and chose to be the pariahs of the established order, in which social injustice and the poverty and misery of the people filled them with a passion for destruction. They believed that by destroying individuals, by removing a Tsar, a Prime Minister, a Governor-General, they would somehow bring about the millennium, and they were prepared to blow themselves up in exchange for their victims. The hell proved in the end as futile as it was heroic, and their revolutionary successors in Russia came to realize that only by destroying the foundations of society could real change be effected.

None the less, the terrorists were not mere unattached and utopian dreamers, taking refuge in their aggression. They are part of that subterranean stream of underground activity which helped to undermine the decaying semi-feudalism of Tsarist society. Against the background of Russian terrorism, Marx wrote in 1882 that the Tsar, at Gatchina, was the prisoner of the revolution, sheltering from the assassins who threatened his life, and that "Russia constitutes the advance-guard of the European revolutionary movement".

Mr. Smit's narrative, which in the main describes the case histories of individual terrorists, can be read with

continuous interest. His account is fluent and lively. For a more knowledgeable reader, however, the level of evidence or analysis has too little historical depth. There is no fresh viewpoint and the portraits lack impact and strength. This is particularly noticeable in the discussion of Zhelyazkov, the most interesting and powerful figure in this overcrowded gallery of terrorists. Eccentricity, intrigue, conspiratorial rich and plot apart, the question still remains, how did these people, with the odds so heavily against them, continue to believe they had a chance and find the strength to fight?

'HOT PEACE'

T. R. FEHRENBACH: *This Kind of Peace.* 384pp. Leslie Frewin. £2.

According to Mr. Fehrenbach, while those in authority have come to accept the fact that the U.N. is to be regarded as a tool and not a mystical force in world affairs, for the great American public and some Congressmen, innocents abroad, illusions about its potency and magical qualities still persist. Hence the need for a process of debunking. It follows a similar cautionary tale by the author about the gnomes of Zurich (described by his publisher as "the 1966 best-seller"). In some 170 pages of bright journalism Mr. Fehrenbach recounts the "inside" story of the postwar quest for international peace and order: the illusions and disillusionment of Roosevelt, Churchill, the onset of the cold war and so on through the vicissitudes of Korea, the Congo, Cyprus and other major happenings on the world scene in which the United Nations played a significant part. Obviously, since "politics cannot be divorced from power", the United Nations was bound to default "the people's" messianic hopes. There have been, in fact, Mr. Fehrenbach reckons, during these twenty years of peace, no fewer than twenty-six "peace-time" wars.

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AKAMBA, YORUBA, SWAHILI

S. A. BABALOLA: *The Content and Form of Yoruba Ifa*. 395pp. £3 10s. JOHN S. MBITI: *Akamba Stories*. 240pp. £2 5s. Oxford Library of African Literature. Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press.
AHMAD NASSIR BIN JUMA BHALO: *Poems from Kenya*. Translated and edited by Lyndon Harries. 244pp. University of Wisconsin Press (American University Publishers Group). 37s. 6d.

The editors of the Oxford Library of African Literature hope that "compositions in local languages will make their impact on world literature as those of India and China have done for many years". It is not likely that this series—nine volumes have so far appeared—will make much impact on the literary world. The O.L.A.L. is a series that combines scholarly essays with almost unreadable translations. *Poems from Kenya*, published by the University of Wisconsin, can safely be discussed with the Oxford volumes—because it is produced in the same spirit. The three volumes deal with widely different subjects and languages: John S. Mbiti's book is a collection of folktales from the Akamba people of Kenya. S. A. Babalola introduces a special type of poetry, sung or chanted by the Yoruba hunters of western Nigeria; Lyndon Harries presents a contemporary Swahili poet: Ahmad Nassir bin Juma Bhalo.

All three volumes have good and useful introductions. Lyndon Harries gives us a fascinating account of modern Swahili poetry, and in particular of the rivalry between poets, their methods of competing with each other and their ways of praising themselves ("God has given me my measure of talent . . . for me to embellish it without effort") and of abusing their opponents ("though you talk nonsense/don't do what is meaningless/these things are not proper for a man . . .").

S. A. Babalola supplies a very scholarly introduction to a highly specialized field of study. He does bring Ogua, the Yoruba god of hunters, to life and informs us about his festivals during which the *ifal*, the hunters' poetry, are sung. He gives us a close study of the language of these poems which is so far unique in the study of Yoruba.

Mr. Mbiti's introduction is much

more amateurish, but it does give us useful background information on this little-known Kenyan tribe, the Akamba.

The texts themselves are much less enjoyable. Mr. Mbiti's volume comes off best in a way. It is a collection of simple folktales, rendered in straightforward English. The stories themselves deal with family life, with kings and spirits, travel and adventure. They are about wise and foolish people, and virtue usually triumphs as it should. The mythological element is almost entirely missing in this selection and we lack the humour, the imagery and inventiveness that is so marked in some other collections of African stories. The greatest fault lies in the *telling*. Mr. Mbiti himself explains that "More important than anything else in good story telling is to make the story personal". But this is precisely what he fails to do. His language is dry and somehow non-committal. It may be that other writers have put too much of their own personality into their African stories, but even Birago Diop's over-ornate and romanticized version of the *Tales of Amadu Koumba* is more acceptable than this dehydrated volume.

The trouble with *Poems from Kenya* is that the translator had obviously very poor material to start with. These contemporary Swahili poems can classify as rhetoric, but hardly as poetry. The "poet" is full of advice on matters like patience, modesty, faith, love and the might of God. "I speak to you, my friends, in the language of admonition," he says, and "I give counsel to my brethren, both the foolish and the clever ones." Unfortunately his counsel is unbearably platitudinous:

A gentleman is discreet though to others he is unclean
he hides his reproach he does not accuse
the pasters by
patience is the best praise to Almighty God
when a man is stripped naked he crouches down and does not rise up.

Some fifty poems in this vein are rather more than the most patient reader can digest. Something is lost of course in translation. One poem begins, in Swahili, "Kokari kucha kuchile". This beautiful, dense combination of sounds becomes watered down into the grotesque "Cock-a-doodle-do, the dawn has come". The translator can hardly do justice to the sound effects of a language that uses seven sonorous vowels instead of the numerous glides, diphthongs and indefinite vowel sounds of English. But then—if the poems contain no images, or ideas that could survive translation and would make the effort worth while—why bother to translate them at all? Surely not everything is bad poetry, even black people can utter platitudes. Lyndon Harries writes bad poetry, even black people can utter platitudes. Presumably that is why he used a quotation from William Hazlitt as the book's motto:

An orator can hardly go beyond commonplaces;
If he does, he gets beyond his hearers.

S. A. Babalola had much more interesting material to work with. Even in this stilted translation some of the imagery survives. The world of the forest animals comes beautifully alive in these hunters' poems. The bushy tail of the Colobus monkey is compared to "the wind that sweeps the sky clean". The buffalo rumbles like rain, the female

baboon's breasts "are kept busy" and the elephant "leaves man like a garment and hangs him up in a tree".

Much is clearly untranslatable, as a brief glance at the adjoining original text reveals. In Yoruba it is possible to telescope a series of words or phrases into one long tongue-twisting noun. "Fun-abikunle-pele-momo" thus becomes "Oh elephant huge as a hill even in a crouching posture" in Mr. Babalola's English version. Nobody could expect the translator to equal or even approach the magnificent "abikunle-pele-momo". But surely there was no need to be as clumsy as "crouching posture"? Mr. Babalola revels in stilted and bombastic English. The bare-bottomed baboon becomes "the possessor of a hair denuded posterior". The buffalo rumbles like rain but "produces no precipitation". The wild boar receives "self-prostration homage from the hunter". True, Mr. Babalola is a Yoruba scholar and English is not his own language—but what were the editors of the Oxford Library of African Literature doing to allow this to pass? To make African literature come alive in English is a formidable task. But it can be done, as was proved by the Ugandan poet Okot p'Bitek, whose brilliant translation of his own original Acholi poem *Song of Lawino* was reviewed in the *TLS* of February 16.

SECOND CROP

African Writing Today. Edited by Ezekiel Mphahlele. 347pp. Penguin. 7s. 6d.

In a field where the number of anthologies threatens to outstrip the output of original works, where the same stories and poems tend to crop up again and again, and where collection of texts is too often offered as a substitute for critical evaluation, the appearance of a new anthology seems to present a suitable occasion for demanding the purpose of it all.

What kind of material, in the first place, is suitable for anthologizing? Uprooted extracts from novels or plays can probably only be justified where the work itself is unobtainable, being either out of print or untranslated. Mr. Mphahlele's anthology opens with a section on Nigeria, the richest literary territory in Africa on present form, which consists of four extracts from novels or plays, all of which are currently available in paperback or hardback, plus one poem which is already included in an existing Penguin anthology and one original short story, even that a poor one. An exercise of this kind performs no service either for Nigerian literature or for the reader. The task of the anthologist must surely be either to select from a large body of existing material, giving it shape by the very criteria he adopts, or to make available work which is either unknown or not currently available in convenient form.

Fortunately Mr. Mphahlele is able to perform rather better in these respects in some of his later sections. The tendency to select from novels diminishes, if only because the sources themselves become scanty once we leave Nigeria. And there are a few real finds. The young Mozambique writer, Luis Bernardo Honwana, who has already attracted attention with earlier stories, is represented here by one of typical restrained power and delicacy. Here, as in all Senhor Honwana's writing, the landscape itself is so tangibly evoked that it becomes a presence and an actor in the story. The long weary day of the plantation labourers flares briefly into drama when the Portuguese overseer deliberately takes the daughter of one of them into the orchard to rape her under her father's eyes. To humiliate both of them, the summit of his squalid ambition, is far more his motive than lust itself. Here the murmuring orchard which surrounds the painful violence of the act also penetrates it, becomes a part of it and retails it to the silent watchers.

In the green twilight of the depths of the field, the pallid skin of the Overseer glows with a greenish light. A white Warthog came from the hills.

algue of the bottom of the field, and bubbled gently in Maria's womb. A gasped sigh covered the rough possession.

The Overseer was the first to appear above the surface of the green sea. He thrust with his arms against the sweep of the tide, and advanced towards the path to the camp. When Maria rose to the surface she was at once surrounded by the prolonged crying of the sea. She shook some drops of salt from her capillary and returned to the camp.

Along the path she had to raise her arms now and again to defend herself from the waves that the Overseer's passage provoked.

Senhor Honwana's compassion places his people in the embrace of a tragic land, cruel and inclined with life. At the other end of Africa, Amu Ata Aidoo of Ghana discovers hers by feeling for the thread of events. A grandmother receives a telegram from a distant town; Cape Coast. It says tersely that her grand-daughter has been cut open so that her baby may be removed. We follow the current of her anguish as she moves about the dusty street of her village, the message open in her hand:

"Eno, and what calls at this hour of the day?"

"They want me at Cape Coast."

"Does my friend want to go and see how much Ogua has changed since we went there to meet the new Wesleyan Chairman twenty years ago?"

"My sister do you think I have knees to go parading on the streets of Cape Coast?"

"Is it heavy?"

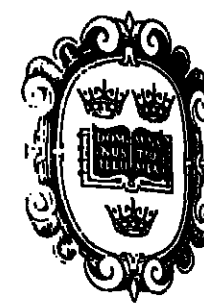
"Yes, very heavy indeed. They have opened up my grandchild at the hospital. hi, hi, hi."

"Eno, due, due, due . . . I did not know. May God go with you."

"Thank you Yaa."

The exclamations from Fanti speech help to recreate the rhythm of the scene as the minds of the two old women stumble towards truth. In fact the girl is well, but many difficult miles separate them from this knowledge. The whole story is told in dialogue that drifts, exclams and starts again on its journey. Mr. Mphahlele's anthology has far too few discoveries of this quality to offer. But even a handful of them, assisted by John Sewell's brilliant cover, will make it, after all, worth the curious reader's while.

Collins announces that they will shortly add to their Fontana Library a new economic history of Europe extending from the end of the Dark Ages to the twentieth century. The work will be under the general editorship of Professor Carlo Cipolla, who holds chairs of economic history on both sides of the Atlantic at Pavia



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Religious Books

PAPISTS TODAY

GEORGE SCOTT: *The R.C.s. A Report on Roman Catholics in Britain Today*. 292pp. Hutchinson. 35s.

After the raising of lids by the Vatican Council, Mr. Scott has taken a rather severely critical look at the Roman Catholic Church in England. He has examined its political influence and the powers it can bring to bear. He has gone to its institutions—Stonyhurst, Ampleforth, Ushaw and Heythrop College. He quotes freely from his interviews with the church's leading men.

But this is far from being a detached descriptive survey. Mr. Scott has strong views on how Roman Catholics ought to think and behave, views coloured by his own Liberalism—he has fought three by-elections. His chief score against them would appear to be that they are "different". He noticed this as a boy in Middlesbrough. It ripples through his book. He declares, for instance,

"I do feel the perpetuation of the 'difference' between Catholics and the rest of us, which is one inevitable product of the maintenance of separate Catholic schools, is socially dangerous and wholly undesirable."

Some will feel that a dislike of "differences", as spoiling the even surface of a uniform, conformist society, is far more dangerous and that a Liberal should be the last to confess to it. But it is surely to have misunderstood the nature and history of the Roman Church to expect its members to be ordinary good fellows like the rest of us today. The modern world is agnostic in temper and even some Christians will make a virtue of their agnosticism. The Roman Church, however, has so far made no concessions to doubt and maintains undiluted the stupendous claims of Christianity.

Asked in a television interview whether he had doubts, Cardinal Heenan replied that what doubts he had were so long ago that he had forgotten what they were. This reply, which exactly catches the distinctive stance of the Roman faith, Mr. Scott found shocking. Many people, Christians among them,

would hedge their bets on the virgin birth, the miracles and the resurrection. But the whole system of the Roman Church is based on their literal and historical truth, and on the implications of that truth. If one takes one's stand on eternity rather than on time, if one allows God's right to demand all, then one is not perhaps a follower or more moral than one's agnostic neighbour, but one is certainly "different". It makes it easy for Cardinal Heenan to justify the celibacy of the clergy, a matter disturbing to Mr. Scott:

If I were a married man I would first have to consider my wife and children, before anything. A man's first duty is to his own family. We have only one duty and that is to God and the Church.

Mr. Scott has talked to many Catholic bishops and priests in the course of his survey. It is he who tells the story of Dom Paul Nevill of Ampleforth who, when the chairman of the Headmasters' Conference opened the question "What are we trying to do for our boys?", got up and said "I think we are preparing our boys for death". The difference

between the Roman Catholic, indeed any Christian who accepts fully the gospels and the creeds and the ordinary man of the modern world is profound. In protesting that the Roman Catholic should be on all fours with the fashionable lay public of these times, Mr. Scott seems to have failed to grasp what their religion is about. "Here we have no abiding city." "After death, the judgment." These deeply engrained Christian attitudes are entirely irreconcilable with the prevailing outlook which sets life here in the centre of the picture. Of course there is a "difference". The Church knows that its work lies in this world, that it is seeking to pursue God's will for the world which he created. But ecumenism and dialogue do not amount to a merger with the world. "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." The "difference" which frets Mr. Scott so much has the most august of antecedents.

PAPISTS YESTERDAY

PHILIP HUGHES: *A Short History of the Catholic Church*. With a final chapter (1939-1965) by E. E. Y. Hales. 308pp. Burns and Oates. 8s. 6d.

Philip Hughes's *Popular History of the Catholic Church* has gone through six editions and has long established itself as a marvel of scholarly compression. A new—and slightly re-named—edition has a final chapter on the Church from 1939 to 1965 by E. E. Y. Hales. He is perhaps too benign in interpreting Pius XII's silence on the persecution of the Jews, and is wrong to suppose that the only Orthodox observers at the Second Vatican Council were two clerics whom he insultingly describes as "schismatics from Moscow". His treatment of Pope John and his Council is judicious

if not always accurate. But he gives a wholly wrong impression when he says that the text of the Council's declaration on the Jews was included in the Constitution on the Church (which he repeatedly calls *De Ecclesia*; he should know that its Latin title is *Lumen Gentium*). It was in fact made part of the Declaration on the Relationship of the Church to Non-Christian Religions. And, since his chapter deals with theological questions of consequence, it would have benefited from the scrutiny of a theologian who might have eliminated some of its wrong emphases.

SUNNI SAINTS AND SHIAH SAINTS

ROBERT MULLEN: *The Mormons*. 316pp. W. H. Allen. 30s.

Christian Science and Mormonism are the two most original American variants of traditional North European Protestantism. They are very American in that both deny the truth of the old Puritan verse:

In Adam's Fall

Christian Science not only denies the fall, but denies also the existence of all that the brigand apple brought; and the Mormons deny that God ignored the American continent and concentrated his direct divine intervention on the Mediterranean world.

Each of these prosperous denominations defines modern academic "Science" for a Christian Scientist is not what it is for a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the Mormon Church, defending the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, runs into very serious difficulties in the age of the Qumran scrolls and the Jerusalem Bible. Rome may make concessions, but Boston and Salt Lake City will not.

For most non-Americans, the Mormons are much more interesting than the Scientists. Joseph Smith was a more attractive figure than Mr. Eddy, and the Mormons cover a much wider range of human experience than do the Scientists. But both Boston and Salt Lake City react the same way to critical studies of their history.

Mr. Mullen's book is an example of a fellow-traveller's history of the Church of Latter-day Saints. Mr. Mullen grew up in Utah, according to his own account in a Gentle family in Utah at that time, but he seems to have had very little knowledge of the Saints until he started writing this book. For example, he was surprised to discover that the Mormons have long been expanding into the states round Deseret (which the Gentiles call Utah) and had moved north as far as Canada. The most interesting, perhaps the only interesting, thing in this book is Mr. Mullen's account of modern Mormon missionary success. Some of that success occurs in Latin America, where the Seventh Day Adventists

also are successfully tilling the fields while for the harvest neglected by the official Catholic harvesters. Some of it is in Europe, and the renewed appeal of Mormonism may be something like the renewed appeal of Evangelicalism in the Church of England, although there is no intention here of comparing Kingston with either Boston or Salt Lake City. And since Mr. Mullen mentions the Mormon mission to Marseilles, this reviewer can testify that the two young missionaries who were tilling the somewhat barren field of the Canebère in the summer of 1966 spoke excellent French.

Apart from his account of the modern expansion of the Church, Mr. Mullen's book is highly disingenious. Its non-scholarly character is sufficiently illustrated by the bibliography, which describes Mrs. Brodie's *Not Man Knows My Story* as "the popular account of Joseph Smith", and prefers the more unscholarly *Kingdom of the Saints* by Ray B. West Jr. Mrs. Brodie's book is of the highest scholarly merit, although this scholarly results in her being forced to point out how unfortunate Joseph Smith was in not knowing of the discovery of the Rosetta Stone before he announced he had mastered ancient Egyptian. One looks in vain in the bibliography for such eminently relevant commentators on Mormon history as Professor O'Dea and Professor Kimball Young, whose full name, Heber Kimball Young, is in itself a genealogical asset that few Mormons can equal. Professor O'Dea is a Catholic, and Professor Young, like Mrs. Brodie, a lapsed Mormon. It is perhaps even more significant that Mr. Mullen does not quote and presumably does not know of that most admirable book by Dr. Taylor, *Expectations Westward*, although a good deal of Mr. Mullen's book is devoted to a very amateurish and credulous account of early Mormon missionary work in Britain.

Some of the examples of Mr. Mullen's disingeniousness may be noted. In the account of Nauvoo, of which an excellent Mormon history by Dr. R. B. Flinders has recently been published (reviewed in this journal on February 10, 1966),

there is no mention of the fact that most of the sacred shrines of Nauvoo are in the hands of the Recognized Church of Latter-day Saints which represents the senior line of the Smith family of Mrs. Joseph Smith and her eldest son, who both denied that the Prophet had preached or practised polygamy. The headquarters of this church is in the Mormon Zion, Independence, Missouri, now best known as the home of Mr. Truman. But the sacred shrines of the church in Nauvoo are, all but one, the property of the Reorganized Church. If we accept Professor Edward Meyer's parallel between the history of Islam and the history of the Saints, elaborated in his brilliant paragon, *Geschichte der Mormonen*, the Salt Lake City Mormons are the Sunnis and the Independence Mormons are the Shi'ahs. In Nauvoo today, the Sunni Saints are marching in, and there may be, *munas murad*, a version of the rivalry between Christian sects at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, especially if the Sunnis rebuild the great temple at Nauvoo whose foundations at present stand under the shadow of an extremely smart Catholic girls' boarding school.

Another omission which reveals either Mr. Mullen's inability to understand Mormon doctrine or his unwillingness to stir up trouble, is his refusal to discuss, seriously, the renunciation of plural marriage made by the Church after the passage of the Edmunds Act. This presents a very serious difficulty for any Mormon historian, since the renunciation of plural marriage was not a mere sociological adjustment, but a renunciation of a basic part of the divine economy according to the preaching of Joseph Smith. Not all Mormons accepted this renunciation and the parents of the most prominent candidate for the Republican nomination in 1968, Governor Romney of Michigan, took refuge in Mexico rather than surrender an important doctrine of the faith "once delivered to the Saints".

There are a good many mistakes in spelling which may irritate the pedantic, and the best one can say for this book is that it is harmless.

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SACRED AND SECULAR

CHARLES DAVIS: *God's Grace in History*. 96pp. Fontana (Collins). 5s.

Kathleen Jones 65.
 "Excellent reading for those who want a brief sketch of the development of social welfare, analysis of the present academic and practical disciplines, and a healthy aside on the interpretation of statistics."
New Society.

Mr. Kapleau's book is divided into three sections: teaching, practice, enlightenment. The approach is, as might be expected from his antecedents, that of a journalist—a reporter; and therein lies its merit. His own contribution is minimal, for he confines himself in each of the sections to a short introduction which presents the protagonists, their lives, methods, and theoretical views so far as these are capable of being expressed at all. Mr. Kapleau effaces himself completely; and his aim is to let his masters speak through him. This is something entirely new, admirable, and valuable in the English literature on Zen, and Mr. Kapleau is right to point scorn at the armchair champions of Zen (Mr. Alan Watts is his particular target) for their relative ignorance of theory and their total disregard of the heart of Zen—practice, the

Fr. Enomiyu, however, despite his Zen training and his quite extraordinary absorption of the spirit and ambience of Zen, is and remains a Jesuit schooled in earlier life in the perhaps even more rigorous training of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. Hence, while Mr. Kapleau is indifferent to whether or not a "systematic, scholarly presentation" of Zen exists, Fr. Enomiyu tries to fill precisely this lacuna. This forms the second part of his book, the "Darlegung der Hintergründe," which treats of the history of Buddh-

The chapter in which Fr. Enomiyama compares the Zen discipline with the Ignatian exercises is particularly interesting, though here as elsewhere many of the parallels he evokes are somewhat strained. After reading this book with great care one reader at least remains uncertain whether the author sees any real distinction between that mysticism which is natural to all of us and the mysticism which according to Catholic doctrine is a pure act of divine grace. But perhaps there is no answer to this question.

Certainly it is not that he has changed. These papers are representative of almost the whole of Lewis's writing life; they are arranged chronologically from 1939 to 1963, and it is hard to detect any change of position between the first and the last, and that is no doubt a tribute to the tenacity with which he defended that orthodoxy which he had established for himself within five years of his conversion. He repudiates with vigour the modern myth that change is synonymous with progress in society, once established on the true foundation, why should an individual change his opinions? "True" is perhaps the key to Lewis's conservatism; he might now prove it. It is possible to admire the prophets with a sublime in-

It is in the penultimate paper that the issue becomes most clear. Here Lewis is considering the literary problems of biblical criticism, and he says into the biblical scholars. He makes it quite plain that if the clergy accept and propagate this sort of literary scepticism orthodox Christianity will fade and dissolve within a generation. His case is that their criteria for inclusion or exclusion of material from the Gospels are derived from philosophical and literary presuppositions which cannot be based upon the text itself, and that therefore, as a literary critic, he is as good a judge of the material as they are, despite their massive learning. One what grounds can Bultmann say that miracles do not happen? He must have been listening to those scientists. Lewis may well be a better guide to the meaning of the Gospels than

of the Lord's S
YORKSHIRE POST
FILES

Nutcase was never to be far from him. Certainly no man could ever have lived in the age of eighty-four with such a record of illness as he did. The catalogue of his biography is a series brought on by accidents and operations and by a chronic weariness that seems unbelievable in the light of all that he achieved. His decision to become a Jesuit is an almost classic illustration of that total abandonment to divine providence which he was so often to note in the saints whose lives he wrote. As revealed in this biography, his life in the Society of Jesus—at least in its formative stages—could hardly be described as comfortable. Even when he had left Oxford, covered with an array of academic distinctions, which has hardly ever been paralleled, he was not exempt from the sort of scholasticism which could cause a saint to have been expelled. He did indeed return to Oxford, after an interlude of schoolmastering, but the 1914 War had already broken out and, by a paradox that he was well qualified to

In 1925 Father Martindale moved to London and there then began fourteen years of frenetic activity preaching, lecturing, writing (about all his lives of saints which revolutionized the hagiographic tradition), broadcasting, journeys to Europe, Africa, Australia, South America: a whole series of "causes" ranging from a settlement in Poplar to the establishment of university Catholic organizations, and from the Apostolic Shrine of the Sacred Spirit (a place of seamen) to retreats for Derbyshire miners. In the intervals, he was in constant demand at Farm Street, he instructed countless converts from dukes to stokers, and photographs of his friends garlanded him as evident proof of the extraordinary range of his influence and the constancy of his friendship. To say that he was the best-known Roman Catholic priest of his generation in England would be only a small part of the story. The "important" affairs are faithfully chronicled by Father Caraman; the Duke of Marlborough's marriage, the royal visitors in the parlour at Farm Street, the set-piece sermons and speeches. But what he really achieved can only be guessed at, at least in part, from the immense correspondence provided by biographer with some important evidence. No journey was without further purpose: human needs were to be met everywhere, in the unlikely places, and Father Martindale

His last years might seem odd living in a Catholic convalescent home in Surveys with a group of elderly Jesuit priests and brothers. But there were far from bitter or unproductive, even when the sickness that had pursued him with such tenacity reached the humiliating levels of old age. In his last letter he was able to say that "the Lord's will is the most lovable of all".

Father Caraman admits in his preface that he has been selective in the use of the material he had at his disposal (and it was evidently considerable). It could hardly have been otherwise, for it would be impossible in a biography of this length to give any adequate account of a life of such prodigious activity. His purpose was to prevent the priest rather than the many enterprises in which he was involved. A biographer must be allowed his right to choose, and Father Caraman has provided a carefully organized account of Cyril Martindale's evolution as a Jesuit and a priest. If there is some hesitancy in interpreting crucial episodes—the circumstances of his decision to join the Society of Jesus and the difficulties he experienced with his superiors are hardly analysed—this marks a reticence which Father Martindale would have

Mr. Davis suggests that the historical distinction between the sacred and the secular is in terms of the knowable. The sacred is not just the unknown; it is that aspect of our total environment which transcends our tools of analysis; not the problems or puzzles, but the mysteries of our experience. Secularization is then seen to be the widening not only of our knowledge but also of our conception of what can be known and controlled by man. In the past the sacred and the unknown were often identified; the present process of

Mr. Davis wishes us to draw a distinction between the holy and the sacred, but the argument of this second lecture is not as clear as the first. The final lecture, however, follows directly from the first. The mission of the Church is to welcome the secularization of the west as the only possible way to free itself from compromising involvement in western political and cultural structures, in order to become a world Church, and not, as at present, an alien intruder in other lands. Only then can the Gospel act as a leaven in pluralist society, and only when it divests itself of its powers will the Church be able to point out to men the supernatural reality of God's grace at work in history enabling mankind to transcend the secular.

A stimulating conclusion, and perhaps after all one not likely to commend itself to the ecclesiastical establishment.

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WHEN ROME SNEEZES...

THE VERTIGINOUS AVANCEMENT of the scientific revolution, in which we are now living, has brought with it a condition of crisis in nearly every aspect of our lives. For at least fifty years anguish and apprehension have been the common theme of our best writers, from D. H. Lawrence to T. S. Eliot, and from Simone Weil to Jean-Paul Sartre. Our most notable world-historian, Arnold Toynbee, has written a book called *Civilization on Trial*. The western technical mind has breached all other civilizations, and precisely at a moment when we are abandoning "colonial" ambitions, "they"—the non-westerners—(and by a force far stronger than the old imperialism) are being forced to think and act like "us". Marxist dogma seems to be the form under which western technological materialism is absorbing the Chinese. But Marxist dogma is finding it hard to resist new strains in Russia, where the young are pressing against the old.

In this situation it is hardly surprising that the world religions should be in crisis. In India the outcome of the struggle between tradition and the population explosion could conceivably decide the destiny of our race on the planet. The Muslims have been finding it harder and harder to associate their ritualistic practices with the demands of the petrol engine. Prescinding from any value-judgment, for long Christianity has seemed in the strongest position for, although divided, Christians were the largest in numbers, they were entrenched in the dominant civilization and seemed most capable of subsuming the technological avalanche. And most powerful among the Christians was the unchangeable Church of Rome. Many even in our agnostic majority in the west somehow took it for granted that the Papacy would "bury" everyone—Kings, Presidents and Party Secretaries. The imperturbable superiority-complex of the Roman system suggested that it would be the last stronghold to resist the modern crisis. This is no longer so. As one spokesman put it: "When Rome sneezes, the Christian world catches influenza." Now Rome itself seems to have influenza, and the changes afoot could be interpreted, according to one's views, as the collapse of the perennial system or the birth-pangs of the old Phoenix.

Despite the influence of Baron von Hügel, Great Britain played only a small part in the controversies that lay behind Vatican II, and the United States only began to exercise its influence during the Council itself—earlier its weight at the Vatican had been almost exclusively financial. But these controversies have wrecked the French countries, the German countries, and the Dutch and Flemish since the nineteenth century. On the Continent the struggle took place on various planes. There was the social question over which, despite several Papal encyclicals or declarations which could be interpreted in various ways, the iron fist of Rome by and large came down against the reformers and idealists; or, as some said, on the side of the landowners and the prosperous industrial classes. Intolerable as this might seem, it was in a sense secondary. For in practice nothing prevented men with a will to mystical poverty from finding a way through the meshes of bureaucratic opposition. Vast charitable organizations flourished, and their founders could console themselves with thinking that many people, later canonized by Rome, had suffered every sort of opposition at first. For all that, movements from Saganer's "Le Sillon" to that of the worker-priests were condemned.

More crucial in essence was the "modernist" controversy which arose with the new biblical criticism which, for some, struck at the whole foundation of Rome. What could be said if documents taken literally, in the old fundamentalist Roman sense, were not historical as we know his-

tory, or even written by the men whose names they bore? Rome, to the shock of the Protestant world, faced the issue with a whole series of condemnations and virtually obliterated the study of modern authors. The crucial documents were the Papal decree *Lamentabili* and the encyclical *Pascendi* of 1907, and the *motu proprio* known as *Sacrorum Antistitum* which imposed the anti-modernist oath on all clerics. Pope Pius X denounced "modernism" as "the synthesis of all heresies." A whole series of departures and excommunications followed, and the subject was buried until our time. Moreover, in one way or another, many men who were in no way involved in "modernism" or who were attempting to restate the Roman *Weltanschauung* to meet the modern condition—such as Blondel (philosophy) or, better-known example, Teilhard de Chardin (science)—lived under an official frown. Neo-Thomism (Maritain's own philosophy) was the "official" teaching for priests.

Theological defections from Rome, mostly among clergymen, were in some way compensated for by "conversions" among laymen—most of them literary. M. Maritain, who is now more than eighty and a grand old man, played a crucial part. A convert from anarchism to Catholicism under the influence of Léon Bloy, an associate of the Péguy family, a leader of the Neo-Thomist movement, he had things "all his way" until the Second World War (which he spent across the Atlantic as a leading "intellectual" of the French resistance). Maritain is a classic example of how difficult it is to use the words "conservative" or "progressive" about theologically-minded men. For if his neo-Thomism seemed "reactionary" to explorers such as Maurice Blondel, Auguste Valensin and others (who dreaded Maritain's attacks second only to attacks from Rome), Maritain was "progressive" and a "left-winger" in social matters, and before all else a defender of the Jews. To these qualities he added an almost infallible intuition for the arts, a thing the Holy Ghost (or chance) distributes sporadically. (No such intuition, for instance, was given to Teilhard de Chardin.)

After the war, thinking moved away from neo-Thomism in France, and with the mood in which Vatican II assembled it might have been thought that Maritain's life-work had been destroyed. It is questionable whether Maritain was even quite at home in France after 1945, any more than at the Vatican, where he was French ambassador. The dominant mood in his country was Existentialist, and this Existentialism was the atheist version of Jean-Paul Sartre rather than the Christian Existentialist tradition from Kierkegaard to Gabriel Marcel. The new masters of thought had no inclination to listen to neo-Thomism under any form. Maritain's admirers had grown older if they had not retired from the fray. The young clergy were boiling with indignation about the state of the working classes, or involved in a dialogue with the communists. They had even less time for art than for neo-Thomist syntheses. They wanted the Mass made "available" to the people, not in Latin but in the language of the newspapers. Perhaps they did not always realize that a bigger problem is presented by the statements in which they are expressed. As regards theology, under John XXIII men who had been long silenced were permitted to emerge and teach.

It is with this background that we must read Maritain's 400 pages of polemic against some of what he feels are dangerous outcomes of the Second Vatican Council. He begins, as one would expect, with a declaration of loyalty to the Papacy and the Council in themselves. But he hurds himself into his polemic as soon as the third paragraph.

My God, were these dogmas not defined once and for all? For the new dog-

mas explicit and complete, they in no way change them. What man who has received theological [theological] faith could be idiot enough to suppose that eternal certainties were going to move, to dig up doubts and question-marks for themselves, loquely in the flow of time? But no one needs to look far if he wants to wonder at human folly.

What is this folly to which Maritain can devote a long book? It is certainly not the new dialogue with people of other Christian convictions or other faiths or non-faiths now encouraged among Roman priests; for Maritain, like most educated Catholic laymen, has been accustomed to discussion with others all his life. It is not even this and foremost though this is a powerful motive force for Maritain and is never far from the foreground: the indifference to the distinctions of neo-Thomism and to Thomism itself. It is the emergence over a period of some five years of what our author calls "neo-modernism".

Several years ago Maritain's contemporary, François Mauriac, noted with some bewilderment that in his young day "modernism" had been condemned, whereas today it seemed the prevailing mood of Churchmen. He wanted to know "what Maritain thought".

In France, as in other European countries, not to mention the United States, books by new theologians—Roman clergymen and clerical lay-people—have been pouring from the presses as never before. World publicity has occupied itself with these questions and built up a whole list of celebrities as with actors and actresses. These people have conflicting views and often, as Maritain would say, their views conflict with Catholic teaching: even raising the question, still a little ahead, of what, if anything, are the essential doctrines of the Roman Church.

But we must return for a moment to the Second Vatican Council. The Catholic bishops of the world were summoned to Rome by Pope John XXIII. Bishops are not normally versed in the wiles of theologians and, to help them in this new work, they took with them "experts"—the Latin word is *periti*—to stand at their elbows. These *periti* rapidly rose to stardom in clerical circles. Some were elderly, some were distinguished, but all alike became the new men of the Roman Catholic Church. Substantial changes in such matters as the Roman liturgy, though theoretically carried out in accord with the faithful, were in fact the work of a very small international pressure group operating in Rome itself. It is worth putting on record that John XXIII, himself a Latinist, was quoted as viewing the theologians with some dismay.

"Neo-modernism" in Maritain's sense has nothing to do with biblical scholarship. Rather the reverse. Our author would define it in terms of the innumerable questions now being raised by clergymen about the traditional dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. If one stone is removed from the building, what will remain? What about infallibility or Mariolatry? What critical-historical evidence have we for the Virgin birth? A step further and might not the priests be asking the same question about the Resurrection? There is something a little Byzantine about the interminable circles arguments that have broken out among the Roman clergy, and there are times when one feels the lack of an Erasmus or a Voltaire. Perhaps Maritain's point of view could be put in short if we said that were he English, his unfavourable theologians would include Canon Collins and the Bishop of Woolwich.

As it is, there is an undertone in Maritain's polemic which is specifically French. The subtitle of his book is relevant. The word *late* is surely charged with more than a nuance of that anti-clericalism which, in much of Europe, is to be found among believers and unbelievers alike. Maritain is not a pupil of Léon Bloy for nothing. Bloy, one feels, might have added to the castigation of neo-

moderne. Apart from the fact that the third volume of this work, on the *Universal Church*, appears, it will fall short of what most readers would expect either from its comprehensive main title, or from its subtitle "A Study of Christendom". The three volumes may indeed turn out to be a part only of a plan for a yet larger work, since on the reverse of the front page they are subsumed under the heading of "The Macrocosmology of Religion". Professor Stark explains in his introduction to the first volume that the sociology of religion can be divided into three narrower areas, its macrocosmology (concerned with the outer life of religious communities), its microcosmology (their inner life), and its mesocosmology (the wider meaning of the term, extended to its influence on non-religious social phenomena).

It is doubtful whether, even as more than a *global* macrocosmology and even within the "theology-fiction" boundaries of Christendom, Professor of Teilhard may be said to have done more than make a telling. Teilhard would foray. Viewed in this light, his aware of the terror of his work is both stimulating and original. "The literature to be mastered is his own answer, in impenetrable and I have by no means was singularly unimpressive more than a fraction of it", as Moreover, for all his modesty, he admits in his preface, adding that the formation of matter at that stage he found he had taken man, he knew little of it. "I submit", he says, "in all European history, if not in the world, that this is as much as I as the Jews. There is much as anyone can do in the circle of evil in the Teilhardian universe."

His use of secondary material has been judicious and he has benefited from the scholarly activities of (to name only a few) Hollom and Chervakov, Frankfurt and Bloch, Cornuaz on Michel, Salvemini on Mazzini, Carpeccio on Luminati and one recalls that he has been said to Teilhard. "I have been Devil you'd say he was a chap."

But this alone would not do. With their aid he is able in the space Maritain's first volume to present a readable author unless we find the account of sacred rulers in Russia, reference to the French and English and France, ancient Egypt and Byzantium. From the sacred ruler he proceeds to the more Anglican than Roman nation and its messianic land: and it is not an apostasy from any of nationalism as a form of religion.

M. Maritain seems to be that in spite of his book sold over 40,000 copies—his is a small voice. He is far too agree with Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* of the faith. Apart from Cardinal Newman's measure M. Maritain's M. François Mauriac's sympathizers? We are among the older (the men exist). And we are very important one.

This book (which is published in English by Chapman) should be read because of its position as the reigning Pontiff—*illico*—as he confronts the questions about the future of the Church. In Rome, Maritain is a group of his own kind. To rival Cardinal Newman's "right" or Cardinal Newman's "left". In the Roman Church, the third millennium is the strongest union with the churches? It is a society of the last alternative? No pressure? This last alternative? This last alternative? This last alternative? Yet people are always believers they do not believe they will go on. Holy Ghost will society and possibly peace and unity to process. Scapular think of the Roman most remarkable architecture even but doomed to technological revolution. I believe.

RECRUITING GROUND OF HERESIES AND SCHISMSWERNER STARK: *The Sociology of Religion. A Study of Christendom. Religion.* 357pp. £2. Routledge and Kegan Paul.

Here he is concerned with those writers and thinkers who had a sustained popular impact, and on the whole shows a sensitive discrimination in evaluating their significance. Now and again, though, the quest for readability leads him astray from the narrow historical and scientific path, as when he claims to be studying "the collective unconscious of the nations" or when he asks rhetorically "What about the insatiable lust for blood which animated the Jacobins?"

In the second volume, on sectarian religion, the underlying theses of the whole work begin to emerge more clearly. All through history, he says, the lowest ranks of society have been the prime recruiting ground of heresies and schisms. Sects arise above all where there is an established church—for example, in England and Russia, but not to the same extent in Bavaria or Spain. In France, the semi-establishment of the Gallican church produced the semi-sectarianism of Jansenists and Quietists. Sectarianism is the answer to Caesarism. It was not the theology of the Orthodox and Anglican divines which evoked Raskol and Dissent, it was their politics. Frustration and deprivation produce sectarian religion where no other solution is possible. It reform is feasible, a political party will result rather than a sect.

Good words cannot convey the heat of the sectarian mentality, yet without realizing its intensity we cannot hope to understand why it does not last. The tension simply cannot be continued for long: the conflict of the sect with society must be solved somehow, for it is an acute crisis which cannot be turned into a lasting state. For those who would like sociology to be a kind of applied physics, Professor Stark provides an analogy from thermodynamics: "objects which are hotter than their environment tend to give off heat to that environment until an equalization of temperatures is brought about." There is a similar

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Volume 1: *Established Religion*. 235pp. 35s. Volume 2: *Sectarianism*

process when a sect cools down and becomes a denomination.

While Professor Stark has drawn heavily on Weber and Troeltsch, Bryan Wilson and Richard Niebuhr, he does not hesitate to disagree with his authorities, usually because they have seemed to go against his central thesis that sectarian religion is in origin, and as long as it remains truly sectarian, an expression of protest by an underprivileged group. His criticisms are effective, as when he takes Bryan Wilson to task for his view of Christian Science as *not* a protest against society, pointing out that it originated "not in the rich and sophisticated city of Boston to which it later migrated, but in the poverty-stricken and utterly unsophisticated shoe-manufacturing town of Lynn." Similarly he criticizes Norman Cohn's assertion that the millenarianism of the Russian Skopys sect cannot be interpreted in terms of class conflict. And he disputes Niebuhr's statement that Methodism was not millenarian, citing the Methodist George Bell's announcement that the world would end on February 28, 1763. Even Max Weber is challenged on his over-individualistic view of the importance of charismatic personalities, and though perhaps unfairly on the special role of Calvinism rather than the general role of sects in stimulating economic activity.

There is thus boldly sketched a theory of sectarian religion which has a compelling logical coherence, even though one can hardly regard it as more than a base-line for further empirical and historical studies. Professor Stark deserves our gratitude for having drawn attention to new comparative hypotheses, and to some unfamiliar but highly relevant material, such as that on Russian sects. We learn for example that in the winter of 1920-21 the Soviet Government set up an administrative unit called *Orgkomvost*, with the task of organizing the communistic settlements of the two-million strong Molokane and other sects. But this unbroken harmony between state and sect had ended by 1927. More radical sects, such as the Khlysty and the Stranniki "had quietly continued to believe that the state was an instrument of the devil, whether its ruler was called tsar or commissar."

An interesting "secondary form" of sectarianism is the "upper-class sect" based on the existence in every upper class of a submerged stratum which shares one feature with the lower classes, the feeling of unhappiness. Besides Katerina Tatarinova's

COMPLEMENTARYIAN G. BARBOUR: *Issues in Science and Religion*. 470pp. S.C.M. Press. £2 5s.

The title of this book is a fair indication of its contents. It is a comprehensive survey of the main issues that have arisen in the relation of science and religion, and particularly those that have arisen in our own time. It is, however, more than a survey, for the author has views of his own; but these are introduced so gently that the reader is barely conscious that he is being asked to assent to propositions of considerable novelty, interest and importance. Dr. Barbour is unusually well qualified for this task in as much as he has studied physics at Chicago and theology at Yale, and at the present time he is not only Professor of Physics but also Chairman of the Department of Religion at Carleton College, Minnesota.

Most writers today, in Dr. Barbour's view, see science and religion as strongly contrasting enterprises which have essentially nothing to do with each other. This is partly due to past disputes but the difference is sharpened because the dominant schools of thought in modern western theology emphasize radically distinctive features of religion which contrast with scientific inquiry, deriving religious knowledge entirely from God's self-disclosure in particular historical events or from personal experience. Dr. Barbour submits that science and religion should be regarded in a first approximation as complementary languages. In spite of the differences between science and religion, he sees significant parallels in their methods. Religious language,

though used primarily in the context of worship, does make cognitive claims about reality. Science is for him a more human enterprise, and theology a more self-critical undertaking, than is usually allowed.

It is a consequence of his starting point that Dr. Barbour regards it as essential to seek an integrated world view. The two sets of statements, scientific and religious, must make their contribution to a coherent interpretation of all experience rather than remain unrelated languages. It is a further consequence that Dr. Barbour believes in the importance of a theology of nature. This is something different from a natural theology, that is, an argument for God from the evidence in nature. It is rather an attempt to see the natural order in the framework of theological ideas derived primarily from the interpretation of religious experience. This new view of nature compels a re-examination of our ideas of God's relation to the world. The evolving universe suggests to Dr. Barbour a concept of continuing creation consistent both with the biblical understanding of God and with the scientific understanding of nature.

This is a rich book, rich not only as a source of information about past issues in the relations of science and theology, but rich also in ideas about what their relations should be today. It will repay attentive study.

Brotherhood in Christ and the living Catholic Apostolic Church, Professor Stark includes in this category the Buchinians, called by Charles Braden the "up-and-outers". Such secondary sects have decayed, he suggests, through the adjustment of the rich for rather of the no longer quite so rich to a democratic dispensation, just as primary sects have decayed through the adjustment of the poor for rather of the no longer quite so poor to a capitalist society. They do not therefore contradict his general theory.

More difficult to fit into this theory, as he readily admits, is the case of the United States, presented with tantalizing brevity in the last twelve pages of the second volume. The Constitution of the United States forbids all linking of government and religion; a state church is out of the question. Yet in addition to imported and adjusted movements, America produced a host of movements of its own which conformed to the sectarian type while they were young; but, like other sects, soon turned into pure denominations, producing a condition of multi-denominationalism *ad personam*. This evolution has led Americans away from traditional Christianity, and especially from the earlier predominant Calvinism, and has substituted for it an optimistic pseudo-religion of deism and humanism. As Will Herberg has written, "The American Way of Life is an organic structure of ideas, values and beliefs that constitute a faith common to Americans and genuinely operative in their lives." In this civic orthodoxy Professor Stark discerns "the counter-part of the monarchical religions of yesterday" against which the sects of the alienated arise in protest.

This critique of American religion is all the more pointed because it is written in America. Professor Stark started to write this book when he took up his duties at Fordham University in 1963. In his preface he thanks two Jesuit Fathers who are his colleagues at Fordham for their kind encouragement. It is possible that the third volume, on the Universal Church, will not only complete the structure of his argument but will also explain more fully how he came to take up the task and its relation to his own personal and academic Odyssey in the course of which he has been a student or a teacher at the Universities of Hamburg, Prague, Geneva, London, Cambridge, Edinburgh and Manchester, before his present appointment in New York.

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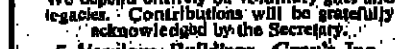
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contemporary religious thought. The work is a masterpiece of compression and precision, and although not easy reading, sets forth for consideration with a wealth of information and discussion, if we may borrow from the preface of Professor Davies's book "the New Testament alternative for this generation, which, more perhaps than most of its predecessors, is adrift on change and harassed by the irrepressible new".

evolutionary philosophies of the day. Idealistic theories have been preferred to the objective discipline that has marked Near Eastern studies. It might at first seem that Mr. Thompson is concerned to reestablish materialism, not to say a fundamentalist view of the Old Testament texts. He disclaims any such intention, but he is surely

en



BONHOEFFER: MAN COME OF AGE

DIETRICH BONHOEFFER: *The Way to Freedom. Letters, Lectures and Notes, 1935-1939, from the Collected Works. Volume II. Edited and Introduced by Edwin H. Robertson. Translated by Edwin H. Robertson and John Bowden. 288pp. Collins, 36s.*

I Knew Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Edited by Wolf-Dieter Zimmermann and Ronald Gregor Smith. Translated from the German by Käthe Gregor Smith. 238pp. Collins, 25s.

The Way to Freedom is the second volume of selections from Bonhoeffer's collected works, covering the years 1935 to 1939. Until recently, not much more than an outline of this critical period in Bonhoeffer's life has been generally available, so that anyone historically interested in him will welcome this book as presenting a more solid picture. Its themes are the position of the Confessing Church at the time, Bonhoeffer's seminary for pastors at Finkenwalde, and his abruptly terminated visit to America in 1939. But it does not and is not meant to do duty for a full narrative of events; it should rather be read in conjunction with one. Its main value is theological.

At least half of the book consists of lectures and articles on the church: the church's place in the world and church unity. Bonhoeffer wrote them in response to the situation in Germany at the time, and a good deal of space is taken up with the particular applications of his general position. But this topicality does not spoil them for us. In each case Bonhoeffer starts with a general argument which he develops thoroughly before using it to meet the contemporary problems. For him the point of theory was practice; but while with some people this is ground for thinking theory unimportant, in his case it was the reason for taking it absolutely seriously. He was a man of unusual skill and energy in practical affairs; and these qualities were supported and enriched by his theological ability, never set over against it.

In 1934 the Confessing Synod of Barmen declared the German National Church to be heretical; the same year at the Synod of Dahlem the Confessing Church repudiated National Church government. Much of the theological material in this volume aims at urging the Confessing Church to stand by these decisions. During the next few years the danger of doing so grew, and with it, no doubt, the temptation to compromise. It was natural to raise the question: what is the church's place in the world? One possible answer, that the church is simply a spiritual entity, could obviously be attractive at such a time, with its implication that the church is withdrawn from politics, that in its immateriality it offers no surface for blows. But for Bonhoeffer: "Where the church retreats into invisibility, it despises the reality of the [Holy] Spirit." The church is a concrete community; organization is necessary to maintain the Christian life of the community;

and the organization must come from the church itself. During this period, the question of the division with the National Church was complicated by a rapprochement with the Reformed churches. Here was the material for a dilemma: if doctrinal differences did not prevent unity between Lutheran and Reformed, how could doctrinal differences justify the break with the German Christians? If compromise was legitimate in one case, it should be in the other. Bonhoeffer's solution is elaborate but not entirely clear. He makes the familiar point that a doctrinal disagreement is not necessarily divisive, and argues at length that the points where the dividing lines must be drawn cannot be laid down *a priori*; theology does not discover pre-existing boundaries; rather, it is for the church itself to create them by its decision when actually faced with opposition.

Unfortunately the present volume does not help much in elucidating the mysterious suggestions about "religionless Christianity" which appear in the *Letters and Papers from Prison*. There are similar hints in the lecture translated here on "The Visible Church in the New Testament" (1936). "The second creation of God [is the Christian church]... is as little a 'religious' matter as the first creation." Here, as in the *Letters*, "religion" is conceived of as embracing only a part of life: it is separated off from the profane, whereas God and the church transcend both opposites. But there is no sign that Bonhoeffer was already turning away from the extra-mundane elements in orthodox Christianity. Nothing here points forward to his remark of 1944, that it may be a "cardinal error" to interpret Christianity as a religion of salvation after death. On the contrary, the idea of eternal salvation or damnation is prominent in this volume; it is central to his arguments over the status of the church. But whether or not it contradicts his later, incomplete thought, the theology of this book leaves one sure that if Bonhoeffer had lived to develop the ideas of the prison writings, he would not have stopped there, reaching a theory that was consistent, definite and profound. These are the striking qualities of his finished work.

I Knew Dietrich Bonhoeffer is a collection of biographical sketches by friends, relations and colleagues. Together with the more personal material of *The Way to Freedom* (letters and extracts from Bonhoeffer's diary), it adds to our impression of his extraordinary personality.

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In his cell he discovered "religionless Christianity", and if he said that the church must discover it also, it did not mean a dissolution of the Church. He longed, and that is not an exaggeration, for the worship of the Church, when occasionally the wind brought its chorales to his cell window. His last action on earth was to conduct a service, at which he prayed and preached, for the group of prisoners who with him were waiting to die on the gallows.

He acknowledged the ancient Greeks, and the pillars of the temple, as the "typical image of the Greek world". In telling of this "sacredness" of the temple, Mrs. Grant writes: "The man for whom the temple was a reality, and who was so deeply affected by any real artistic appreciation, and who saw at work throughout the world the human motives of acquisitiveness and desire, tended to be over-enthusiastic for personal prestige."

CHRISTIAN S. Two Great Masters of the Ukiyo-e. *Hiroshige: Fifty-three Stages of the Tokaido. Hokusai: Thirty-six Views of Mount Fuji.* One almost started by the 89 plates. Honolulu: East-West Center Press, \$24.50. In his cell he discovered "religionless Christianity", and if he said that the church must discover it also, it did not mean a dissolution of the Church. He longed, and that is not an exaggeration, for the worship of the Church, when occasionally the wind brought its chorales to his cell window. His last action on earth was to conduct a service, at which he prayed and preached, for the group of prisoners who with him were waiting to die on the gallows.

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DIETRICH BONHOEFFER: *Letters and Papers from Prison.* Edited by Eberhard Bethge. Press, 22s. 6d.

Letters and Papers from Prison was first published in 1953, and this is a new edition admirably edited by Bonhoeffer's friend and correspondent, Eberhard Bethge, and with the text carefully checked. To read the book again after so long an interval is a strange experience. It had become so common to find Bonhoeffer's name, and the same handful of quotations, listed with Bullmann, Tillich, van Buren, and the rest, in books from the radical side of the current "debate about God" that it was natural to assume that if he had lived he would himself have been a radical. But would he?

The letters are moving. For those of us who have never been in Nazi hands it needs a considerable effort of imagination to appreciate his position. This walking mile after mile up and down his small cell, this exercise in the yard with an unworthy companion. The harshness of the guards or the cries and blows from neighbouring cells. The wretched food, the air raids on Berlin visible and audible in his cell. And how much more. These things were only the surface of his condition. He was in the hands of the Gestapo and on a charge, complicity in the plot to overthrow Hitler, that was grave indeed. He could have had no possible doubt about the godless evil of the world "come of age". He wrote endlessly, but to confuse him with a professor coldly surveying the world from his quiet study ought not to be possible.

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shouting at a prisoner in the next cell. His "secular world" was a world that simply a world of machines and science, and he seems never to have written the word without inverted commas. He had to accept that world, but not to approve it and its supreme vice of *hubris*. He saw that he must, and that the church must be against that world, confronting it with the familiar Christian virtues, "purity, trust, loyalty, constancy, patience, discipline, humility, contentment and modesty." He read the Bible over and over again, he prayed and wrote. What he wrote deserves attention for its own sake, and not only as an instrument in support of an argument. Nearly all the letters are simple things, encouragement and hope for the people he loved, letters into which the prison seems only to intrude by accident. "The sincere humanity of the man is attractive. If it were described as imprisonment love there would be no exaggeration. He saw suffering not as something to shun but something to be accepted as part of the burden of God, part of the business of being a man, and he was not observing suffering from the outside. It was fact, not part of an argument."

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ALAS, POOR DYLAN

Sir—The denigrators of Dylan Thomas are as lacking in critical detachment as the adulators—as your reviewer (March 2) demonstrates when he exchanges his lance for a trident with which to jab not only at Dylan Thomas but at Swansea and Mr. Vernon Watkins, too.

He tells us—but then it was evident before—that principles and convictions Dylan Thomas professed in one place (outside his poems) he never denied in another, but it does not seem to occur to your reviewer that the quotations he has selected about Wales and Welshness may also be examples of this. "By literary descent and relationship, it is evident from these letters—but then it was evident before—that he was English," he writes. To have been able to reach this conclusion before, and accept it now as finally demonstrated, implies a familiarity with four centuries or so of Anglo-Welsh poetry in order to reject them so authoritatively as sources of descent and relationships. Does your reviewer in fact possess even the modicum of familiarity with this largely unexplored field which Dylan Thomas himself showed in the broadcast "Welsh (i.e., Anglo-Welsh) Poets" included in *Quite Early One Morning*?

Does he imagine that his conclusion is in any way supported by the two facts—English was the language he wrote in, English was the language he spoke, which are equally true of a million or so other monoglot Welshmen, and of many other Anglo-Welsh poets? When assessing "literary descent and relationship," does he totally exclude education and environment? Does he, in short, seriously suggest that the writings of Dylan Thomas could have been produced in Swansea just as well as in Swansea? I merely inquire.

As Hopkins, in March, 1953, the B.B.C. Welsh Home Service broadcast a reading by Dylan Thomas of poems by six other poets and himself. The producer of this broadcast has noted (in the spring 1954 number of the Anglo-Welsh review then called *Dock Leaves*)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sir—While Mr. Randall, Librarian of the Lilly Library (March 9), states with admirable clarity the case for libraries restricting the use of manuscript material they have purchased, he is less than fair to inheritors of private papers. What does he mean by "material of the greatest importance to Shelley scholars still withheld, 145 years after his death, by descendants in the United States"? Shelley's only direct descendants were the Esdaile family and their very precious notebook of the early poems was recently sold and is now in a famous collection in the United States. The other private owner of Shelley and associated material is not a descendant but an inheritor through the wife of Sir Percy Florence Shelley (who distributed their papers between her and the Bodleian Library and the heir to the Shelley baronetcy) and he has always been most generous in allowing access and transcription to researchers on both sides of the Atlantic.

As one who has benefited from the courtesy of inheritors both in the Shelley and the Rossetti field, I should like to raise the whole question of copyright (or courtesy) fees to descendants of inheritors, for, as Mr. Randall points out, the value of a manuscript is considerably reduced if it can no longer be described as "unpublished". When in the 1930s I wrote *Mary Shelley* for the Oxford University Press I had the benefit of the editorial experience of John Frederick L. Page and he advised me that I must offer a fee to the executors of the estates of the Coleridge family and of Robert Louis Stevenson. This seems to me entirely proper and I am surprised that descendants of certain much-quoted authors are often maligned for insisting on rights to a fee. Do publishers now have any responsibility for seeing that their authors offer a fee to inheritors of that they do so themselves when issuing selections from their own past authors? Experiences I could quote make me feel that this responsibility is not always accepted even by famous and reputable firms.

R. GLYNN GRYLLS,
11/35 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

Sir—I would like to support the views put forward by Professor Angus McIntosh on this matter in your number of March 9.

Many of the reasons that have been given for refusing reasonable access to manuscripts, etc., in American libraries sound ill-considered and unconvincing. The same time, it is surely up to the vendors of such material to insist that bona fide researchers from both sides of the Atlantic should have such an access to it.

I write as the owner of certain eighteenth-century manuscripts in which some transatlantic interest has been shown. I cannot imagine needing an offer for such material without making a condition of sale that a microfilm of the manuscripts in question be re-

MALCOLM LOWRY

Sir—Your excellent front page article on Malcolm Lowry in the January 26, 1967, issue of the *Literary Supplement* had Rowlandson's drawing of the "Sol" immediately above it. Was this a coincidence? If so, it was an unfortunate one.

In your article you state Malcolm Lowry rewrote and polished *The Underworld* while living in North Vancouver, B.C. A friend of mine, Dr. C. McNeill, was consulted by Malcolm Lowry during this period. He presented with grossly swollen ankles and large varicose veins. Dr. McNeill noted that he had large callouses on the back of his hands. Malcolm Lowry dictated his drafts of this period in the erect position, leaning forward and supporting himself by placing the backs of his hands on a table. He would dictate for hours in this "simian" stance and over a period of time developed callouses on the back of his hands. He claimed any other position stopped the flow of his ideas. Unfortunately, it also stopped the return flow of his blood from this feat, hence the development of varicose veins.

Dr. McNeill successfully treated Lowry's veins but was never able to persuade him to give up the simian stance.

T. E. GREENE, M.D.,
1604 Lonsdale Avenue, North Vancouver, B.C.

J.L. CAMPBELL

Sir—Mr. Randall (March 9) takes a high "business-as-usual" line over unpublished material, as though Constance Kidde's straightforward appeal were somehow fluffy-headed and egged at the same time. He deserves an answer within his own terms of reference.

There are, we are told, two components in the cost of unpublished material: its cost as an exhibition piece, and a premium for its publication potential. One may well ask, with Mr. Randall, what return one can expect from the eventual portion of such an investment.

In theory, there are two extreme possibilities, though no doubt in practice they are blended. One could, if one likes, manipulate tuition fees, library dues, the prices of published papers and so on, to the point where they stand the scrutiny of a cost accountant; scholastic acrobatics, in short, plus 10 per cent. For an educational establishment with its eye on a growth rating on the New York Stock Exchange, this is the correct approach. But, from the point of view of the academic community as a whole, it represents an artificial increase in the costs of scholarship.

At the other extreme—and this seems to be nearer Mr. Randall's position—one could rack-rent one's investment for what the idiosyncratically calls prestige. An image appears, from Mr. Randall's letter, of what this might involve at the Lilly Library, Indiana University. For he decries as merely exhibition pieces documents which can be inspected by bona fide researchers on a large scale. A library by implication, is somewhere that selected students can study—provided they carry the appropriate pass-key. Scholars accept that some bibles have to be chained; but it is strange to be another word for padlocking them.

Mr. Randall calls for light on this subject, and what emerges from his own illuminations is that scholars have a clear interest in breaking the market. Fortunately, there is some sort of weapon to hand, or at least to the British government's hand. It should insist, as a condition of granting a grant or licence, that Phostat copies of all unpublished material should be deposited with the British Museum. By international standards this proposal is modest enough. If anyone thinks otherwise, let him try getting an antiquity out of a Greek vase.

J. A. ROWLATT,
31, Gresham Street, London, E.C.2.

Sir—The reviewer of Pierre Boulez's *Relevés d'apprenti* (February 9) solemnly observes in conclusion that "Boulez has clearly emerged as one of the great composers and conductors of his generation and it is clear that this collection of articles must have been a great event." Regrettably, it is not possible to offer an equivalent compliment to your reviewer. He has entirely failed to make clear to at least one not ill-informed reader what evidence he has for the claim that Boulez is a great critic; and unfortunately we cannot simply take his word for it, because his review, where it is intelligible, shows him to be little more than a camp-follower of the currently modish, to the point where it is hard to believe that he knows what he is talking about. This, agreeing with Boulez and, incidentally, though he would probably not relish the point, with Constant Lambert (that Stravinsky's neo-classicism is a dead end, he remarks that "it is interesting to note that the best works of Stravinsky during this period are the least neo-classical in their overtones"). What possible defence can there be of this in a phrase? I take it that the writer is not actually talking about upper partials, here, when he says, then, in his next paragraph, in C more neo-classical in its overtones than the Symphony of Psalms? If the word is merely an excuse for not thinking out the real differences between the two works, it is a remarkably sloppy figure to make use of in an article on music. If it is being used literally, it makes nonsense; if figuratively, it is so vague as to be meaningless.

The same can nearly be said of your reviewer's use of the word "valid". "Boulez is something of a purist in regard to serialism as the only valid method of composition now (and in this respect he is probably right)". (Does he mean "in this respect"?) It looks as if "valid" is a too busy translation of "valuable", which can mean valid, but is a wider and sometimes looser term than the English one and gives more room for misreading and lack of actuality. Presumably, then, we are being told that serialism is the only sound or proper method of composing now (for the strict meanings of "valid" are unintelligible in the context). At this point one begins to suspect that a form of bullying is going on under the guise of realistic reasonableness. I don't know how it is with musicians at present, but to many laymen the necessity of serialism has not yet been conclusively demonstrated. It would be one thing to side with Boulez in dismissing as absurd (if he ever noticed it) Schönberg's remark that there is still a lot of good music to be written in C major—which, coming from Schönberg, looks like a shameless apology for the otherwise unaccountable system of his own—but, for the recent performance of his concerto for string quartet and orchestra, there is still a lot of bad music to be written in B flat. It would be quite another to, in effect, abolish all systems of harmony by insisting that "each parameter of a composition implies its own method of organization and it is absurd to reduce the structure of all parameters to one common set of figures", and deducing that no set of figures is preferable to any other. Yet Boulez, right through Schönberg's system is self-contradictory in that, in abolishing the primacy of any note in the chromatic scale, it cannot claim any significance for the number twelve. It is no doubt touching to the old-fashioned that Schönberg still felt the pull of the octave; but there was no need (pace your reviewer) to wait until the invention of electronic music to

show that the octave itself was old hat. If you take Schoenberg's theory seriously, and I am tempted to do so, the job for you. The curious thing is that no one seems to have pointed this out before.

It is doubtless not the place to stage a battle between the claims of totality and the theory of freedom for all parameters. The history of music is crisscrossed with once novel theories, some of which deal through their own insignificance, while others have become a permanent and beneficial influence. One may still legitimately doubt whether Boulez's critical writings are more than an attempt to copy on his own methods personally. Fourthly, purely arbitrary devices independent of any physical law are probably as old as music itself. At least, however, one can hear the echoes of the repetitions in, say, the isochronous notes of *Les Noces*. It is not clear how far anyone save the composer himself can hear the patterns of the music of free parameters. It is a great advantage of a composer like Boulez that he can hear when a composer is moving away from it. I suggest that the greatness of Boulez as a composer may still be open to question because we simply do not know according to what standards we are to judge him.

A. H. GOMME,
Department of English, The University, Keele, Staffordshire.

Our reviewer writes: "Mr. Gomme seems annoyed by the fact that I have something good to say about Boulez. Because of this, he goes on to find my review unintelligible and produces the most flimsy half-splitting evidence in support of his claim." The use of the word "overtones" to which he takes great exception was simply used to mean that the neo-classical aspects of *The Symphony of Psalms* are more integrated, and therefore less blatant, than they are in, say, the Piano Sonata (1924). (If never named the Symphony in his review, the reviewer would not have done so.) Why use a whole sentence when one word is sufficient to convey one's meaning? As to the use of the word "valid", it is a pity that Mr. Gomme had not read Boulez's book before writing his letter, and he would find that the word "valid" does not crop up in this context at all. Boulez says: "tout musicien qui n'a pas réinventé nous ne devons pas considérer, mais bien réinventer, la nécessité du langage doukaphonique de l'INUTILE." Can he say, in our own place, in our own language, "de son époque." This statement, combined with the general impression gained from the book, was what prompted my statement. My qualified acceptance of this statement was simply suggested by the inability to find any significant work among the younger generation of composers today which has not involved serious technical technique. (I use the word in the wider sense in which Boulez uses it and not in its narrower Schönbergian sense.)

As to the other points that Mr. Gomme raises, Boulez does not claim that Schönberg's system is self-contradictory in that, in abolishing the primacy of any note in the chromatic scale, it cannot claim any significance for the number twelve. It is no doubt touching to the old-fashioned that Schönberg still felt the pull of the octave; but there was no need (pace your reviewer) to wait until the invention of electronic music to

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LONDON BOROUGH OF HAVERING
GOVERNMENT, N.A.S. A.P. IV.14.15.16.17.18.19.20.21.22.23.24.25.26.27.28.29.30.31.32.33.34.35.36.37.38.39.40.41.42.43.44.45.46.47.48.49.50.51.52.53.54.55.56.57.58.59.60.61.62.63.64.65.66.67.68.69.70.71.72.73.74.75.76.77.78.79.80.81.82.83.84.85.86.87.88.89.90.91.92.93.94.95.96.97.98.99.100.101.102.103.104.105.106.107.108.109.110.111.112.113.114.115.116.117.118.119.120.121.122.123.124.125.126.127.128.129.130.131.132.133.134.135.136.137.138.139.140.141.142.143.144.145.146.147.148.149.150.151.152.153.154.155.156.157.158.159.160.161.162.163.164.165.166.167.168.169.170.171.172.173.174.175.176.177.178.179.180.181.182.183.184.185.186.187.188.189.190.191.192.193.194.195.196.197.198.199.200.201.202.203.204.205.206.207.208.209.210.211.212.213.214.215.216.217.218.219.220.221.222.223.224.225.226.227.228.229.230.231.232.233.234.235.236.237.238.239.240.241.242.243.244.245.246.247.248.249.250.251.252.253.254.255.256.257.258.259.260.261.262.263.264.265.266.267.268.269.270.271.272.273.274.275.276.277.278.279.280.281.282.283.284.285.286.287.288.289.290.291.292.293.294.295.296.297.298.299.300.301.302.303.304.305.306.307.308.309.310.311.312.313.314.315.316.317.318.319.320.321.322.323.324.325.326.327.328.329.330.331.332.333.334.335.336.337.338.339.340.341.342.343.344.345.346.347.348.349.350.351.352.353.354.355.356.357.358.359.360.361.362.363.364.365.366.367.368.369.370.371.372.373.374.375.376.377.378.379.380.381.382.383.384.385.386.387.388.389.390.391.392.393.394.395.396.397.398.399.400.401.402.403.404.405.406.407.408.409.410.411.412.413.414.415.416.417.418.419.420.421.422.423.424.425.426.427.428.429.430.431.432.433.434.435.436.437.438.439.440.441.442.443.444.445.446.447.448.449.450.451.452.453.454.455.456.457.458.459.460.461.462.463.464.465.466.467.468.469.470.471.472.473.474.475.476.477.478.479.480.481.482.483.484.485.486.487.488.489.490.491.492.493.494.495.496.497.498.499.500.501.502.503.504.505.506.507.508.509.510.511.512.513.514.515.516.517.518.519.520.521.522.523.524.525.526.527.528.529.530.531.532.533.534.535.536.537.538.539.540.541.542.543.544.545.546.547.548.549.550.551.552.553.554.555.556.557.558.559.560.561.562.563.564.565.566.567.568.569.570.571.572.573.574.575.576.577.578.579.580.581.582.583.584.585.586.587.588.589.590.591.592.593.594.595.596.597.598.599.600.601.602.603.604.605.606.607.608.609.610.611.612.613.614.615.616.617.618.619.620.621.622.623.624.625.626.627.628.629.630.631.632.633.634.635.636.637.638.639.640.641.642.643.644.645.646.647.648.649.650.651.652.653.654.655.656.657.658.659.660.661.662.663.664.665.666.667.668.669.670.671.672.673.674.675.676.677.678.679.680.681.682.683.684.685.686.687.688.689.690.691.692.693.694.695.696.697.698.699.700.701.702.703.704.705.706.707.708.709.710.711.712.713.714.715.716.717.718.719.720.721.722.723.724.725.726.727.728.729.730.731.732.733.734.735.736.737.738.739.740.741.742.743.744.745.746.747.748.749.750.751.752.753.754.755.756.757.758.759.760.761.762.763.764.765.766.767.768.769.770.771.772.773.774.775.776.777.778.779.780.781.782.783.784.785.786.787.788.789.790.791.792.793.794.795.796.797.798.799.800.801.802.803.804.805.806.807.808.809.810.811.812.813.814.815.816.817.818.819.820.821.822.823.824.825.826.827.828.829.830.831.832.833.834.835.836.837.838.839.840.841.842.843.844.845.846.847.848.849.850.851.852.853.854.855.856.857.858.859.860.861.862.863.864.865.866.867.868.869.870.871.872.873.874.875.876.877.878.879.880.881.882.883.884.885.886.887.888.889.890.891.892.893.894.895.896.897.898.899.900.901.902.903.904.905.906.907.908.909.910.911.912.913.914.915.916.917.918.919.920.921.922.923.924.925.926.927.928.929.930.931.932.933.934.935.936.937.938.939.940.941.942.943.944.945.946.947.948.949.950.951.952.953.954.955.956.957.958.959.960.961.962.963.964.965.966.967.968.969.970.971.972.973.974.975.976.977.978.979.980.981.982.983.984.985.986.987.988.989.990.991.992.993.994.995.996.997.998.999.1000.1001.1002.1003.1004.1005.1006.1007.1008.1009.1010.1011.1012.1013.1014.1015.1016.1017.1018.1019.1020.1021.1022.1023.1024.1025.1026.1027.1028.1029.1030.1031.1032.1033.1034.1035.1036.1037.1038.1039.1040.1041.1042.1043.1044.1045.1046.1047.1048.1049.1050.1051.1052.1053.1054.1055.1056.1057.1058.1059.1060.1061.1062.1063.1064.1065.1066.1067.1068.1069.1070.1071.1072.1073.1074.1075.1076.1077.1078.1079.1080.1081.1082.1083.1084.1085.1086.1087.1088.1089.1090.1091.1092.1093.1094.1095.1096.1097.1098.1099.1100.1101.1102.1103.1104.1105.1106.1107.1108.1109.1110.1111.1112.1113.1114.1115.1116.1117.1118.1119.1120.1121.1122.1123.1124.1125.1126.1127.1128.1129.1130.1131.1132.1133.1134.1135.1136.1137.1138.1139.1140.1141.1142.1143.1144.1145.1146.1147.1148.1149.1150.1151.1152.1153.1154.1155.1156.1157.1158.1159.1160.1161.1162.1163.1164.1165.1166.1167.1168.1169.1170.1171.1172.1173.1174.1175.1176.1177.1178.1179.1180.1181.1182.1183.1184.1185.1186.1187.1188.1189.1190.1191.1192.1193.1194.1195.1196.1197.1198.1199.1200.1201.1202.1203.1204.1205.1206.1207.1208.1209.1210.1211.1212.1213.1214.1215.1216.1217.1218.1219.1220.1221.1222.1223.1224.1225.1226.122